

THE CARLETON

Published by the Students of Carleton College

ELECTION ISSUE

OTTAWA, NOVEMBER 28, 1945

Price Five Cents

STUDENT COUNCIL TAKES OFFICE

Carleton First to Offer Journalism Degree

A Bachelor of Journalism degree, the first in Canadian university history, may be obtained at Carleton College. The singularity of the degree, the excellence of the faculty and the opportunity for higher learning in a specialized field has attracted many students eager to enter the journalistic field. From across Canada thousands more have poured enquiries into the office seeking information concerning the course.

Until this year Canadians had to seek journalistic training in American universities. This year however the numerous requests of returning servicemen created such an undeniable demand for journalism that the Department of Veteran's Affairs contacted Carleton College in hopes of initiating a first-rate course in Canada for Canadians. Immediately a committee from Carleton College studied the internationally famous course in journalism at Columbia university, chose from it the outstanding features applicable to Carleton in its present confinements, and set in motion the machinery of Canada's first degree course in journalism.

The course includes three years from senior matriculation (or four years from junior matriculation.) The first two years are spent in general Arts, the last two years in practical journalism. Reporting, editing, forms of journalistic writing, editorial methods and publishing policy and the history of journalism are the subjects of lectures given by men who rank high in the Canadian newspaper field.

Junior Motric Course Offered Veterans

Arrangements made by the Department of Veteran's Affairs and the Carleton College Board of Governors have made possible a junior matriculation course, open to any ex-serviceman or woman residing in the Ottawa area.

The first class assembled in the Glebe Collegiate Auditorium on November 7 where they were officially welcomed to the school by Dr. H. M. Tory, president of the College, who wished the veterans every success in their studies.

FAR EAST REPORT

by ART ROBERTS

(Editor's Note: Art Roberts spent three years in the Far East as a Radar officer attached to the R.A.F. He returned to Canada with many interesting and shocking stories. This is the forerunner of a series of articles on the Far East based on his experiences and observations.)

India is a country of a million contradictions. It is a country which, when met face to face for the first time, both nauseates our western sense of rectitude and lures us on into its homogeneity of beauty and horror. It is a country whose natural beauty ranges from the English country-side in Mysore to the lofty grandeur of Nanga Parhat and Kanchenjunga but whose horrors are worse than the inside of the Belsen prison.

India is the antithesis of all we know. It is a country where venom is the substitute for blood and where religious malice, and national hatred for the British is a festering sore, where

Continued on Page (3)

K. U. OF C. HONORS DR. TORY

Henry Marshall Tory, M.A., D.Sc., D.C.L., LL.D., FR.S.C., FR.H.S., president of Carleton College, and president of the Khaki University established in England after the First Great War, has accepted nomination as President Emeritus of Khaki University of Canada.

"I feel it a very special honour to be the link marking the connection between Canada's two Khaki Universities," said Dr. Tory in a cable to C.M.H.Q. in reply to an invitation to accept the honorary post.

YOUTH CONFERENCE HELD IN ENGLAND

Over 600 delegates representing 62 countries including the former enemy states of Austria, Hungary and Italy, met in England during the month of October to pledge themselves to fight as vigorously for peace as they had done for war.

The discussions which took place were based on a 3 Point programme.

1. Youth's fight for freedom and a better World.
2. The post-war needs of youth.
3. The organization of International Youth co-operation.

During the inaugural meeting, messages of welcome were heard from the King, Mr. Atlee, President Truman, Mr. Ernest Bevin, Mr. Stettinius, and the Chinese Foreign Minister, Mr. Wang Shih-Chieh.

Sir Stafford Cripps told the delegates that brotherhood was the only defence against the destruction of civilization by the Atomic Bomb.

ENROLMENT STATISTICS SHOW STEADY GROWTH

Year	Men	Women	Total
1942-43	192	359	551
1944-45	320	431	751
1944-45	362	432	938*
1945-46	758**	428	1,186**

*Including 144 in extension classes—gender not given, but presumably neuter.

**These figures do not include two new classes, for Veterans only, now being organized.

Is it necessary, girls, to draw your attention, in the above table, to the fact that, whereas in the early years women far outnumbered the men, this year men are in surplus supply?

President's Message

To the Editor of The Carleton:

I am happy indeed to accept your kind invitation to write a word of welcome to The Carleton, the new departure in student activities, and through it to the students new and old registered this year in the College and Institute.

While this has a general application I desire to give a special word of welcome to the many returned men who have found their way to our classes. During World War I, in addressing the young men in the Army, I was in the habit of saying to them, "You cannot recall the years that are lost, but the future is still yours to make of yourself what you desire to be. Don't let circumstance defeat you!" I am more than glad to see so many from World War II determined to look forward with assurance, not backward with a sense of defeat.

Our only regret is that we have not yet a home of our own in which to welcome you all. That inconvenience, however, will pass. You are helping us to pioneer into existence a great college which some day you will be proud to call your own.

Sincerely yours, H. M. TORY.



DR. H. M. TORY, M.A., D.Sc., LL.D., D.C.L., F.R.S. (Can.) F.R.H.S., President of Carleton College

"I know of no greater adventure than the search for knowledge; no life more pleasurable than seeking to use it to the common good, no joy so great as the joy of real discovery to the well balanced mind."

AN EDITORIAL

THESE CHANGING YEARS

In 1942 Carleton College with 750 students and a curriculum containing the first two years of Arts and Commerce began its career under conditions so removed from convention that it was hard at first to imagine it settling down to the usual pattern of university tradition.

Since the majority of the lectures are given at night the students have been older people, mostly civil servants. In this capacity the institution has been invaluable, a veritable oasis in the midst of high government's clutch on knowledge.

However, the situation is changing. The flood of veterans entering universities and the inability of larger universities to cope with the abnormal conditions existing today have influenced those young people reaching university age this year to abandon their plans, if not completely for a few years at least. It is significant that the number of full time students at Carleton this year number 500 compared with virtually none in 1942. This shows that the college, while growing up itself, is growing younger as far as the student body is concerned.

This younger population might well have been lost in a few years to the larger universities, but fortunately the plans of those at the head of the College do not include ambitionless stagnation.

A degree in Journalism and a year in Engineering have been added to the plan, and plans are being made to extend College poetry. In the new Departments.

Conscience has something to say about this new College, in that it says it, lyrically and with the force of a destiny as ours.

To Appoint Officers After Initial Meetings

Late Tuesday night Returning Officers announced results of the election for Carleton College Student's Council. Excitement ran high as the class reps counted votes and compared results. The seven successful candidates were:

Joan H. Finnegan, Arts 2 331
Walter S. Avis, Arts 2 321
Faith Hutchison, Journalism 277
Willis Glenn, Arts 2 208
Charles Kerr, Engineering 152
E. L. R. Williamson, Pub. 146

George Hay, Arts 1 Vet. B 143
Unless the recount reveals some change these seven persons will comprise the new Council. Closely following Geo. Hay is Donald MacIntosh with 138 votes.

The four leading candidates credit their successes to the spirited campaigns carried out by their committees. These campaigns included parades, bagpipes, tin horns, and colorful and amusing posters which served to whip up interest in the election as well as secure votes.

The campus scene was quiet and peaceful until a fortnight ago. Nominations trickled in, posters announcing the election hung here and there about the school. Interest was lacking, of spirit there was little.

Then the student representatives meeting of November 13. Thirty-three class representatives sauntered into the room. Jack Mowat, president of last year's council, called the meeting to order and the discussion began.

Soon voices rose, keen debate, heated argument. The reps grew restless.

"Let's get our council," stormed Clyde Kennedy.

"Council," cried, E. Williamson.

Screamed Jack Mowat, "I want a new council as soon as possible."

"Campaign," squeaked little Patsy Joiner.

A ferment of action swept the room. Reps strained at the edge of their seats, jaws set, determined.

Carleton they knew was growing, Carleton they realized possessed calibre and fight. They would inject a college spirit into a scattered student body.

The meeting adjourned. Thirty-three reps moved out of the room eager, resolved.

Overnight the machinery was set in motion. Nominations poured in. Campaign managers swung into action. Posters and notices confronted students entering the college. Election propaganda dotted the corridors and the Common Room. Speakers lost no time bellowing words of praise for their candidate. Ingenuity was the order of the day as original campaign devices presented themselves to a surprised, amused and excited student body.

The CARLETON

Published by the Students of Carleton College

ELECTION ISSUE

Editor-in-Chief
LEONARD A. MERSON

Associate Editors

TOM FARLEY
CLYDE KENNEDY

ESTHER STRUTT
FAITH HUTCHISON

Circulation Manager
MARJORIE GREEN

The "Duce" in Education

Many years ago, a Sage remarked, "A little knowledge is a dangerous thing." Since then, in almost every phase of life, experience has proven the truth of his statement many times over. The man who leaps into action without an adequate supply of facts pertinent to his work is "skating on thin ice," and we are scarcely surprised when he crashes through. Some of us may even find it hard to restrain a smile at the sight of him clambering dripping up the bank. Yet how often are we just as thoughtless as he? For one thing our Sage failed to add, and which every man or woman pursuing an education must keep in mind, is this: Knowledge alone is quite a useless thing.

Today, so vast have become our supplies of knowledge and so efficient our supply lines, Educators and Educates alike are apt to forget that knowledge is useful only as it is put to use.

The Neanderthal B.A. (or Bachelor of Assassination) in his one-piece bearskin drape was adept in the art of splitting the head of his quarry, or his cousin, with a flint axe. Frequently he did both. Perhaps we caught the splitting habit from our less etiquette-minded ancestors; it may be the let's-take-it-apart urge is part and parcel of our nature. Whatever the cause, the effect is with us still. Down the years Man has progressed through the split-skull and the split-infinitive to the split atom; he has carved up everything he could get his hands on into its tiniest parts, till today we are living in a very complex world indeed. A world of minutiae . . . and if we aren't careful we'll be swamped with them, and go under. We live in a forest, and there is a grave danger of seeing only trees.

Who then, or what, is to come to rescue of the babes in the Cosmic Woods? On what can we pin our equilibrium? What plan will lead us out into the clear? These are questions which must, at one time or another, puzzle all of us. The answer lies in Education.

The old latin word "educio" means to lead out. But who leads who? and where? Much of the time it is the system that leads both teacher and scholar by the nose. Then education, which should be a leading out of the personality and abilities, becomes merely a hemming in. The maze of information which blinds us with scientific light can easily vitiate the very purpose we would have it achieve. Lost in contemplation of the cordwood of Facts, the axe of Reason grows rusty at our side. Modern schools frequently pile more wood than they chop.

For all that, it is not our duty to embark on an immediate crusade for the abolishment of colleges, or even college systems. Time, and the infiltration of Reason and Common Sense will one day scuttle the annual examination and class together students of equal abilities. Our problem is a more personal one. What shall we do in the face of an increasingly complex world.

We shall have to re-adjust our own perspective of "Education." Years ago a father could perhaps say to his son, "Learn everything, my boy, learn everything!" Under present conditions such advice is useless. No one could possibly learn all there is now known in the realms of science and art. It has become a matter for selection.

The world is like a huge store window, bulging with goods and opportunities tied to a million tangled threads. We can see what we want but we can't tell which thread leads to it. College, unless it has the full cooperation of a thinking student, can only hand us half a dozen threads and hope for the best.

"Ah," we think, "if only we could select our prize first, and then unravel the thread instead of the other way about!" Well, why not? If you choose some work in life, you have a problem and you have to work out the answers. If you go to school without working at life, you acquire only a box of answers. Standing on the threshold, the best you can hope is that someone may ask you the right question.

It becomes a problem then, of combining what we are learning and have learned with what we are doing and are going to do.

Every person going to school should be working. He will, if he is wise, be working in the same line he hopes to settle down in ultimately, no matter how menial the interim work may be. It will throw him into contact with the forces governing that vocation. From there, he will begin to see the subjects and courses which will be his stepping stones to success.

Not all of his attempts will succeed. Indeed, he may follow a path some distance in good faith only to find he is on the wrong course. But his work-day experience will enable him to see the pitfall in time. Everything is in process of change. The difference between the man on the road to education and the fellow who's sidetracked is this: the former is watching the change and learning to change with it.

The picture moves into focus. The aisles of the Present may be dark, but the screen of the future glows brightly. Faced with the panorama of a brave and increasingly-educated new world, it is the problem that young Canadians must answer for themselves—and answer now. Tomorrow is no inert thing. It is a breathing, pulsing maverick, which will work for us or destroy us. A wildling that will not surrender easily to our rein. It will take a cunning. It will take a firm hand, and skill.

Religion . . .

(Editor's Note: The trend of student thought toward a more sober outlook on world affairs has prompted their serious discussion of religious and political problems. The importance of student opinion cannot be over-emphasized. This column represents individual student opinion, is for discussion and does not necessarily represent the view of this publication. Address material to the Editor.)

"I disagree with what you say, but I shall fight to the death for your right to say it —" Voltaire.

It has been said, often of late, that modern young people are apathetic to religion. Is this charge true of college students? If it were true, it follows that religion would be a subject missing from student group discussions. Yet it is very present. No other topic, unless it is politics, finds so much exercise in student discussion. Their spirited debates on religion give the lie to any charge of apathy.

An undergraduate deals much with abstract thought and his everyday studies of psychology, philosophy, economics and mathematics gear his mind to critical thinking so that he strives for reasoned conclusions. Under such circumstances controversy is inevitable.

In a typical student body religious views may vary from Roman Catholicism, with its multiplicity of conceptions, to the religiously barren concept of the atheist. The Roman Catholic places blind faith in an institution rooted deep in antiquity, while the atheist takes reason as his guide and pictures religion as a pathetic fallacy. Between the two extremes we may find representatives of other dominations, to suggest a few, Baptists, Presbyterians, United Churchmen, Pentecostals, Latter Day Saints (Mormons), Christian Scientists, Spiritualists, Jehovah Witnesses, Jews, Deists, and most certainly a few agnostics. In such a "bull session" the irreverent Atheist usually finds himself opening the round. He is soon set upon by many ardent defenders of the faith until a lively discussion is under way. Perhaps the sceptical fellow will begin after this fashion:

"Organized religion, as it exists today, has a definite retarding effect on the progress of world culture. The proposition was crystallized by Lenin in his famous epigram, 'Religion is the opiate of the people.' What is an opiate? The dictionary defines the word as 'anything that dulls sensation, mental or physical.'

There seems to be some suggestion that the mental lethargy of the Dark Ages can be attributed to the strong central control of the all powerful Christian Church. Was it entirely by chance that the revolt against the control, to be seen in the Reformation, was coincident with the Renaissance?

The Church, jealous of its powers to control thinking, closely guarded all of the classical teachings of Greece and Rome, and permitted education only to its officers. This fear of truth was so evident in the efforts of the organized Church that we have flagrant examples in the coercion of Galileo and in the formation of the Society of Jesus. The operations of the Jesuits in Spain during the Inquisition are certainly not outstanding examples of tolerance and enlightened thinking.

Indeed, a glance at the relatively inferior economic status of Italy, Poland, Eire or Spain in Europe, of Latin America and Quebec in the New World, may suggest a retarding influence in modern countries under almost direct domination of a strong, well-organized, totalitarian Church system. Not only is the standard of living comparatively low but the illiteracy rate is unusually high. The principle applied is to the effect that temporal progress is secondary to spiritual preparation for the world to come. By a policy of keeping the masses ignorant of better worldly conditions it becomes easier to instill in them a desire for the things of beauty personified in the Church and its teaching.

Protestant groups, except for the Episcopalians, have dispensed with much of the tangible beauty of the early Church. Many sects have become puritanical in their aversion to such material things. Their conception is abstract and devoid of sensuous appeal. The philosophy of Jesus Christ is their pattern and implicit faith their strength. Of course, such devoutness is found only in the minority of church goers, for custom fills more pews than devotion.

Let us concede that the social doctrine of Christ is for the most part ideal; but we can only conclude, on the tragic testimony of the record of human relations, that it is for the most part, impracticable. As for faith, it is the least tangible point of all and it is becoming increasingly more difficult to achieve and maintain.

The mythology which filled the ancient minds is still with us, in modern dress, and the twentieth century version is no less guilty of fostering the smugness and complacency that undermined the early civilizations of Greece and Rome. Man differs from animals in his ability to review the past and to a considerable extent, foresee the future. Some forms of religion, including Christian sects, put so much attention on the past and concentrate so much energy on the preparation for the future "after-life" that they fail to succeed in the animal present. Surely, when so much time is spent preparing for a "heaven" we do not know exists, we are sacrificing much of our life on earth. Such a waste cannot but be a stumbling block in the path of the advancing world.

"Would it not be better," the atheist may conclude, "to direct our entire energies toward the advancement of the world we know, than to dissipate our strength on uncertainties, and wishful thinking?"

VETERANS' ACTIVITIES AT CARLETON COLLEGE

Veterans form the largest section of full-time students at Carleton College, and, as has been noted by their invasion of all activities, will hold a prominent place in college affairs. There are more than five hundred enrolled at present and it is understood that many more have applied for the additional courses to commence shortly.

The Student ex-service personnel, both male and female, come from every branch of the service, and are representative of every rank from the very junior to Lt.-Col. in the army, and equivalent in Air Force and Navy. There are former members of championship inter-scholastic football, basketball, and hockey teams, not to mention many representatives from other sports. Many of the newly enrolled veterans have been noted for their ability in art and drama, and not a small number have held prominence as musicians.

Ex-service personnel are represented in all the clubs and societies organized or being organized, and a considerable number of the class representatives were in one of the armed services. It has not taken long for wear off, considering the number the training of service life to of lively discussions and arguments on policy of clubs, etc., that have been brought forth at the meetings of class representatives and in the class rooms by many of the veterans. No vet would have voiced disagreement with a higher authority while in the Army, Navy or Air Force, but now there is freedom of speech and no lack of speakers. All suppressed emotions are being expressed and the results has proven very interesting and entertaining to those of us who just look on. However, there is no organization or society for veterans in the college such as have been started in other colleges and universities where vets express their views with comrades for support or criticism. Carleton College should have a vet's society where open discussions could be held by vets regarding the multitude of changes that have arisen as a result of returning to civil life and college. Many have problems as yet unsolved and might find the solutions to their problems through the experience of others.

STUDENT AT MIDNIGHT by Joseph Colucci

*The figures dance a tarantella,
Tarantella, tarantella,
Sards and sines in mad gyration
Circulate about the page.*

*Tarantella, tarantella,
Hold it, Hold it, Hold it, Fella!
(When any number of terms
form a geometric progression,
The terms intermediate between
any two*

*Are called geometric means between
the two terms.)*

*When any number, tarantella,
Tarantella, tarantella,
The intermediate . . . terms are*

these,

*Form a geometric term of means,
Tarantella, tarantella,
Hold it, Hold it, Hold it, Fella!*

(In how many ways two of the letters

Of the word 'winter' be written down?)

*Winter, winter is icemen,
Tarantella, tarantella,
Is this problem 'permutation'?*

*Eveline close across the pupils.
Tarantella, tarantella,
Softly, softly, softly, fella.*

DECEMBER 15 DANCE
announcements

FAR EAST REPORT

Continued from page (1)

ruption and vice run hand in hand and are the rule rather than the exception. India is a pollution whose internal stench permeates the Commonwealth of Nations. India is the sink of the East.

After more than three years there spent in observation, inquiry and delving behind its superficial mysteries, that is my conclusion.

Here, segregated linguistic and racial minorities are gathered to watch the battle of Hinduism versus Islam in the arena of a country whose geographic features would normally tend to nationalize and unite. Hemmed in from the rest of Asia by the Himalayan range in the north, the Hindu Kush in the west and the Chindwins in the east, is the stamping grounds for one fifth of the population of the earth whose antecedents include Africans, Egyptians, Persians, Arabs, Turks, Greeks and Baluchis from the west, the insurgent Chinese, Malaysians, Sumatrans and Maoris from the east with probably a dash of the nomadic Kipchaks and Kalmucks of the north.

Here is a country split with internal strife and bloodshed, whose civilization is a thousand years behind the times, doubling in totalitarianism while one eighth of her population of nearly 400 millions lie grovelling in the dust, shunned, illiterate—untouchable.

They are a people who are unsure of what they want and are only sure of what they don't want.

All this is a bird's eye view—let us come a little closer. Let us examine one minute sore on this heaving carcass, one that is crusted over but if revealed beneath its scab is worse than the rest—Calcutta, second city of the Empire.

It has been called the land of the outstretched palm where beggary is a trade, nay a monopoly. As we stroll through Dalhousie Square past the site of the historical 'Black Hole', now the heart of the city's business section, the scene is pervaded with squalor. By the Exchange a group of women in filthy rags squat on the sidewalk clutching children to wizened breasts while they suck handfuls of refuse gleaned from the gutter or pick the lice from each other's hair.

"Sahib, Sahib—huckshees Sahib—do anna hamko daegga, Sahib." And one of them will detach herself from the group carrying astride her hip a tiny child already inured to the oppressions of hunger and poverty. These children are generally hired by the day to evoke sympathy. The woman moans her incantation in our ear for a block or two and disappears. Down Old Court House Street past Government House a leper is squatting on the curb sleepily watching the passing traffic as he urinates in the gutter. No-one pays any attention; they all do it. Along Dharamtalla to the tram terminus—"Buckshees Sahib,"—a twisted caricature of a man raises appealing eyes and drags his grotesque body along. He can't stand up; his back is like a question mark and his two legs are twisted and broken. Malnutrition completes the horror of loose skin over distorted bone. There are thousands like him who have been deliberately deformed by their parents at birth to be enlisted in the ministry of beggary.

We pass him by so he spews a gob of blood red hotel juice at our feet. We hurry on, turning onto Chowringee the main street of the city. Here indeed is the Indian sideshow of it's people. Infirmities, disease and vice are flagrantly peddled before the public for a few pice. Barnum and Bailey's freaks appear robust in comparison. Where is the Department of Public Health and what is being done about it? How naive!

In 1942 the opinion of British troops was roused by this spectacle to such a pitch that a heggar's colony was formed outside the city into which thousands of these deformed cadavars were herded. The following week they were hack on the streets again.

Down Chowringee on the Maiden side vast mounds of putrifying garbage reek in the sun with the temperature in the vicinity of 110 in the shade. Pye-dogs, hairless and pink with infection, slaver and snap as they contend with hungry women and children for the edible refuse. Here we see humanity at its lowest ebb, feeding on carrion side by side with the dog and vulture.

Sick and nauseated we wander across the parched Maiden towards the Hoogly River. As we draw near, a half starved woman screams in agony as she gives birth amid blood and filth on the side of the road. She is out of mind, crazed with pain she totters toward the river dragging the dead child along by the umbilical cord. A group of khalasi or boatmen squatting on the stern of a native llhow casually watch her slip into the river and as the muddy torrent closes over her head they record their indifference by lighting their pipes and resuming their chatter.

This is enough. But there is more. There were the results of the disastrous hurricane in 1942 when thousands were drowned and washed down the Hoogly. When we had to burst their bloated bellies with rifle fire as the bodies floated near our camp at the edge of the river lest the tide should deposit them on the bank to rot and stink.

There was the Burdwan floods when the homes, cattle and livelihood of thousands were wiped from the map leaving them destitute and dying if they were not already dead. And then there was the famine.

About the beginning of 1943 while travelling throughout the province of Bengal I witnessed the gradual tightening of dhosis about the waists of the people. From their already lean condition they became emaciated and from emaciated they became mere slivers of people whose life flickered in their eye sockets like candles in a cavern to be slowly snuffed out. They drifted about like shadows unable to speak barely able to eat. Skin shrunk over bone till cheeks were mere nuckles and their teeth were bared in a perpetual leer. The sides of the roads were

PLATTER CHATTER

By LITA and JERRY

Greetings Gates! Pull up a red-hot platter and sit in! With one eye on Benny Goodman's new Sextet Album we've dug up a bit of gen on "licorice-stick" Benny himself.

Like lots of other top dance men Benny first joined a band just to get a chance at a real instrument. On some of his earlier recordings he copied Pee Wee Russell's "growl" style, but he had different ideas from most of the "red-hot" jam session New Orleans boys and he put them to good use.

Around about 1927 Goodman snagged himself a seat in Ben Pollack's big aggregation in New

York. The late Captain Glenn Miller was with them then, and at one time or another Tommy Dorsey and Bix Biederbach were in the band.

It was in 1929 that times really got bad, and Benny left Pollack to join Red Nichol's band. Even the "King of the Clarinet" couldn't dodge the depression, however, and late in 1930 found him underground in New York, almost forgotten, resentful, and discouraged. You just can't keep a hot man down, though, and in 1935 he got a real break. His band was hired by Chicago's Congress Hotel—an experiment to see if he could hep things up

stacked with dead and the burning ghats were working overtime. On the Balasore station I saw the gaunt frame of a hov lying between the tracks still alive while dogs chewed at his legs and flies hummed around the meatless bone. You think I am applying the facts lavishly, but those who were there will bear me out when I say this pictured is subdued.

Every morning a truck belonging to the Calcutta Street Commission passed our neighborhood stacked high with corpses and the process was repeated each afternoon as the death rate soared. And all the while the indifferent, obese Bengali habu strutted gorged to fill his Bacchal helly. There was no pity in them for the people of their own blood so long as they could hoard the vital food grains and allow it to trickle onto the black market at twenty times its normal cost.

The Provincial Government, composed almost exclusively of Indians, deftly profiteered in the rice market thus aggravating the situation, while pointing an accusing finger at the British administration. If this statement appears sweeping let the curious look back into the political career of Mr. Fazlul Huq, chief Minister of the Provincial Government, and the Jagunge Rice Case.

The famine was inevitable. Malthus would have said, 'I told you so.' The main causes were undoubtedly the poor 'auf' crop of rice in Bengal, the loss of the rice supply in Burma after its fall and to some extent the floods and hurricane, all of which were intensified by the avarice of the black market speculator and the lack of co-operation of the other provinces. Here is a picture of one small section of India, corrupt to the core, miserably failing in adequate self-government. In according these facts I am condemning neither the British Indian policy nor administration. If the future of that country is put completely into her own hands results couldn't be much worse than they are now.

On the Bookshelf . . .

Even Poets, it has been remarked, sometimes have something to say. Norman Rosten is such a poet, though still in his twenties and an author of less than ten years' experience. The "something" he has to say in his book "The Fourth Decade" is one of those unexpected "finds" so pleasing to connoisseurs, and carries with it the promise of even more delectable fruit in seasons to come.

Off to an early start while still attending the University of Michigan, Rosten received the Avery Hopwood Award both in poetry and drama, and in 1941 his Broadway prose play, "First Stop to Heaven," won him a Guggenheim award. A trip around the country by car some years ago sowed the seed which grew into his first book, "Return Again Traveler," published by the Yale University Press.

Rosten belongs to a rather new school of poets—as American as the stars and stripes, that talks poetically to the man in the street, bringing him into clearer focus in his own eyes, and showing him a broader view of the social forest even as he walks under the trees.

This is a book of War-Poems. It cannot be gay and true at the same time. Yet there is in the background a note of optimism mirroring the American mood; it inclines one to feel that Rosten's post-war poetry may well surpass his War-effort, for, however hard he tries, Rosten is never really a cynic. Even where parts of the poem beginning "Drinking out the towering twenties..." show the influence of T. S. Eliot, the melody and ideal song swing back to the style that is peculiarly and brilliantly Rosten.

Rosten is more than 20th Century, he is Now and Today, with perhaps a bit of Tomorrow thrown in. His poetry is the worker's song, but it is also the song of the silver screen, of radar, The World's Fair, ice cream and children, and winding American roads. He is our pleader with Destiny for an America more beautiful and a humanity more humane.

"O Mr. Hollywood," he says, "please let the end be good please let the plane arrive in time and let that fadeout be divine."

It is in his radio plays that he is at his best. Unlike the works of many other able writers, much of Rosten's poetry is better spoken than read. Even dispassionate paper cannot conceal the showmanship which sometimes steals the spotlight from the poetry. In "The Fourth Decade" the voice of Social Conscience has something to say. Through Norman Rosten it says it, lyrically and with the impact of fireworks.

TOM FARLEY.

a bit in the then dull Urban Room. It proved a good move for both Goodman and the Congress, stretching an original six-week contract into seven months. By putting over hot music here Benny gave both his band and "swing" a big boost in the right direction.

That was the start of the band's climb, and although at one time during the past seven years it was definitely on its way out, the band made a quick comeback when Victor records added their weight to its air program "Let's Dance". Benny's later feeling of a need for a more refined type of swing, in spite of being panned by other musicians, has the approval of his following. Proof?—the crowds that jammed Carnegie Hall to hear his concerts, leaving him in a secure niche among the top-flight musicians.

DISC-ussion

Since we're featuring Goodman in this issue, let's see what Victor has in its New Benny Goodman Sextet Album (no. 6199-6202):

On the first of four is ROSE-ROOM, a well-known oldie with a solid, medium beat in well-known Goodman style. On the flip is AIR MAIL SPECIAL, a red-hot concho arrangement that really rocks, believe me.

The second platter gives with a standard Goodman fixin' of FLYING HOME and in a faster tempo, features I FOUND A NEW BABY on the reverse.

Thirdly, let's sway to POOR BUTTERFLY. Sweet and solid, it's a slow-jam version of an old ballad. Turn it over and what have you got? GRAND SLAM, an A-1 boogie that really reeks with rhythm.

On the last slab, woe to the WANG WANG BLUES, an oldie and the pick of the album for all blues-lovers. Finishing up on a sentimental note, the final side gives us an old instrumental ballad with a solid beat, AS LONG AS I LIVE.

For those who enjoy string soloists, the coming event should prove interesting.

Noël Brunet, renowned Canadian violinist, will appear on November 30 at an afternoon concert of the Morning Music Club. As a Canadian critic recently remarked, "M. Brunet has the qualities of a master who will add fame to the name 'Canadian'." He studied at the Royal Conservatory of Bruxelles where he received first prize for violin, after which he made a European tour. On one occasion he was invited to play at the International Exposition at Liege, a great honour for one so young.

More recently he has been touring his native Canada, and his forthcoming concert is very much looked forward to by Ottawa music-lovers.

STAFF MEETING

A meeting of The Carleton staff will be held on Monday, December 3, at 9.30 p.m. Students anxious to work on The Carleton or eager to contribute articles are asked to attend.

The editors of The Carleton sincerely appreciate the efforts of those who worked diligently to make this first issue possible. We regret that all material contributed could not be published, however, it is our sincere hope that all students of the College will take a keen interest in their publication and contribute regularly. The Carleton will be published bi-monthly.

KENNEDY GOES TO KINGSTON

The telephone jangled imperatively. When I finally got eyes and ears sufficiently operative to sort out the talking end and the listening end of the "blower", there was that mellow, soothing voice of the editor.

"You're going to have to get up in the middle of the night", it purred — or did it order? There was no chance to point out that I didn't have a phone beside my bed and that I had just finished getting up in the middle of the night. With a rhythm as smooth as that of a bird soaring on a thermal current, the voice flowed on. "Shortly after dawn you're to be at the college to meet a bus and accompany the football team on its foray against Queens University Intermediates — the last game the boys play this season." There was a sudden click and the voice was gone.

Several hours later on October 31, only shortly after dawn failed to appear because of the dirty black nimbus that tossed sheets of cold rain onto the dreary land, I arrived at the College.

First of the team to appear was one of Carleton's two efficient managers, Don Anderson. As the boys gradually checked in Don worried up and down and in and out, counting and recounting noses, speculating on what horrible accident had befallen each of his stalwarts who hadn't yet appeared, and showing obvious relief each time another player came through the door.

Sweating profusely — for a reason which was to reveal itself later — the other victim of the editor's voice appeared. It was Wally Avis, who had been assigned the job of covering the game itself.

Very much on their knees, Jim Hanna (the other team manager), Johnny Moore, Maurice Charlebois, sixty-minute man Frank MacIntyre (who, incidentally, has been called "Frankie" ever since his profile and playing in a previous game brought sighs and squeals of ecstasy from a group of bobby-soxers), Jimmy York and Eric Colbert sleepily dragged themselves in.

It was my first acquaintance with this team of spirited ex-service students whose fighting football has given Carleton College more publicity than any other student activity in its history. At Prescott we stopped around 10 a.m. for "break period". Don MacGregor bought most of the wool socks and sweaters in town and gave the managers a worried moment when it looked as though the whole team would scatter in search for various bits of apparel useful for rehabilitation.

Not the least important of the strong evidence that the team had a couple of capable managers was the meal to which 35 ravenous Carleton types sat down at Kingston. To keep them from eating too much, Anderson and Hanna had arranged to have a table of such length that the boys could use everything but arms in downing the eats.

Russ Brown and Bob Forbes found — too late — that it was better to read signs on doors than to be embarrassed no end.

As the boys stripped for the game I noticed reporter Wally Avis was stripping too. Now, I said to myself, this guy really goes after details — he's gring

right out there with the boys so that he doesn't miss a thing for our College paper. But it turned out that he was just remedying his poor weather forecasting. From his bedroom window he had seen snow in the offing, but it was now a bright sunny day. So off came his coat, tie, sweater, long woolies, and pull-over. Just a suit would be enough, he thought.

During the game, some of the things noticed were: Paul Goyette having a busy time with the tape and liniment; the outstanding "Rocky" Robillard craftily hiding behind the linesman and then dashing out to surprise the Queenmen and snare a neat toss from quarter Bill Morgan — who also turned in a snid game; Johnny Shore, who kept up a steady plunging game backed up by good secondary work, grinning delightedly (as usual) as he squashed a sneaker play; the whole gang digging in with inspiring fight after Queens scored a touchdown with seven minutes to go; Charlie Kerr, though banged up and groggy, and Bob Forbes turning in stellar performances on the ends; Andy Weisher and Paul Quesnel getting a good day's workout dashing onto the field time and again with water; the Rev. Charles Donald of Ottawa's Southminster Church in the stands "cheering for both sides"; Ross Cavey going in stiff-armed and muttering mayhem; Al Holley speaking: "I didn't get hit on the head — I know what I'm doing"; John "Porky" Chown, Dave Morgan, Mel "the Hat" Carson (who wears what he insists is a "dress hat" but which the rest of the team claims is a cross between a sombrero and a baretta); Johnny Chown, Lyle Graham, John Urquhart, Ted Ricker, Bernie Garand and Doug Gnod all punching hard in the line; Bill O'Neil, Don Bell, Jim McKnee and Al MacDougall also contributing to a fighting team spirit that kept up right to the final whistle.

The little towns that were sleepily rousing themselves as we headed for Kingston that morning were teeming with witsches and goblins going about their Hallowe'en haunting as the bus load of weary and battered Carleton lads sped homeward in the evening. Jim Hanna had completely lost his voice by then but the rest of the gang, not the least subdued by their 5-2 setback, saw to it that each town heard a rousing Carleton College yell.

Dr. M. Long Made Canadian I. S. S. Chairman

Dr. Marcus Long, a member of the philosophy staff at the University of Toronto has been appointed Canadian Chairman of the International Student Service and is presently engaged in setting up the machinery to raise \$50,000 in universities across Canada for student relief in China and Europe.



DR. MARCUS LONG

"We can perform not only a humanitarian service but also take a step forward in achieving the peace of the world," said Dr. Long in a statement to Canadian universities. "The university students of today are the leaders of tomorrow. By extending a helping hand now to these young men and women, many of whom were active in the resistance movement, we will establish a bond of friendship that will last through the years."

Aware of the need for adequate relief measures to aid in the physical and moral rehabilitation of these people, Dr. Long points out that student life in these countries has been affected and that Canadians have a duty to perform to help their colleagues who lack not only books, libraries and places to meet, but the actual necessities of life itself, such as food, clothing and medical supplies.

Dr. Long has an international background and diverse experience of university life that will be invaluable to the work of the I.S.S. Born in Ireland he came to Canada in 1925, studied at the University of Toronto and Northwestern University in Chicago and took his Ph.D. at Toronto in 1939. He taught at the University of Manitoba for a year a substitute for Professor R. C. Lodge, and another year at Brandon College before enlisting in the Canadian Army in 1941. Dr. Long served with the Directorate of Personnel Selection in the Army with the rank of Major. He was in charge of personnel selection in the Pacific Command for 15 months before going overseas, where he worked both in England and in Italy, serving as advisor to the Officers' Selection Board in the latter theatre. This job involved visiting all formations in Italy. Returning to Canada early this year Dr. Long was in charge of counsellor training before being retired to take his present post with the University of Toronto.

FIRST CARLETON FOOTBALL SQUAD IMPRESSES INTERCOLLEGIATE UNION

By FAITH HUTCHISON

—A win, a tie and two losses is the creditable record of the first football team in the history of Carleton College. With only a short practice period the boys, under the coaching of "Tiny" Herman, turned in some grand performances. If Carleton can turn out a team of the same calibre next season they will have no difficulty getting into the Intercollegiate Union intermediate series.

Great credit should go to the enthusiastic and able group of fellows who conceived the idea of a Carleton College football team and carried out their idea in the face of all difficulties. Thanks also to "Tiny" Herman for his valuable coaching and to Dave Sprague and Ross Trimble who turned out to give the team advice and encouragement.

The grid kids made their debut in St. Anne de Bellevue on Oct. 15 against MacDonald college and were blanked 15-0 by the more experienced Montreal students. Carleton suffered from lack of practice and lack of a team feeling which made them fail to click on any of their plays.

On Oct. 20, in an exhibition game under floodlights at Landsdowne Park, the team took rousing revenge by whipping the MacDonald boys 22-1. "Rocky" Robillard, the boy with the talented toe, was the hero of the day with a spectacular 40-yd run for touchdown and two converts to his credit. Holley, Graves and Carson accounted for the other touches. MacDonald's lone point was scored by Vic Wallen with a kick to the dead-line.

Four days later, on Oct. 24 Carleton played their second Ottawa game at Landsdowne Park with Queen's University Intermediates as their opponents. The Queen's gridders, who expected a pushover because of their longer practice season, were held valiantly to a 1-1 tie by our boys who played heads-up football throughout the game. Morgan, been short it was very important. These boys have proved that Carleton can produce a team on a par with any other intermediate team in the Intercollegiate Union and so have paved the way for next season's team to make a name for themselves and for Carleton College.

Team Lineup

Cavey (flying wing), Graves (flying wing), O'Neill (half), Robillard (half), Brown (half), MacIntyre (half), B. Morgan (quarter), Bell (snap), MacGregor (inside), Gerand (inside), Chown (inside), Moore (inside), Urquhart (inside), Carson (middle), D. Morgan (middle), Forbes (outside), Kerr (outside), Graham, Ricker, Good, Holley, MacDougall, York, Colbert, Salisbury, Charlebois, McNea.

Club Notes

French Club

The executive body of this year's French Club was chosen at a meeting held on Wednesday, November 7. The body will consist of ten French students—four from the Conversational Class, and two from each of the other French classes.

Plans for this year's activities of the Club are well under way, again under the direction of Mr. James S. Patrick, lecturer in the French Conversational Class. Arrangements have been made for a Soiree to be held at the Archives on December 1. The guest speaker will be Dr. Gustave Lanctot, Deputy Minister of Public Archives and former Rhodes Scholar at Oxford. He has many interesting anecdotes of his days as a Rhodes Scholar. As in the past two years of its existence, the French Club will help forge a link of understanding between Canada's two great peoples, a service deserving of full support.

Latin-American Club

The Club's program of activities for this year is quite undecided. Last year under the direction of Miss Evelyn Horne, President, the members enjoyed numerous informal sing-songs, films devoted to a better understanding of Latin-American Countries, and two dinner meetings featuring in turn Mexican and Brazil.

Due to the increased enrolment in the Spanish classes, activities for this year should be on a greater scale and the Club

should experience notable success.

Current History Club

Last year the Current History Club came into existence under the guidance of the president, Cecil Froats. The Club held weekly discussions which produced lively argument on Canadian and International affairs. Many of this year's students have shown considerable interest in such activity, and it is desired that the Club begin functioning again as soon as possible.

International Student Service

This service is designed, as many know, to provide help for fellow-students of other countries — students who are suffering from the ravages of war. Most Canadian colleges and universities support this valuable service through the War Student Relief, an organization established in Switzerland. Last year a committee under W. Illman was formed in Carleton to direct the college's part in this work. It is understood that plans are in the making for a continuance of support to this cause.

Student's Christian Movement

Last year the S.C.M. confined its activity to a discussion group, and existed without filling the offices of president or secretary. It is expected that the movement will grow in size this year, and that it will have officers elected to perform the various duties of an executive nature.

Heard Around the Campus

Junior to cute co-ed in the cafeteria—"Tell me about yourself—your struggles, your dreams, your telephone number—" ... in the lab—"Looks hot as hell!" Onlooker. "These students have been everywhere!" ... at a soda-bar—"I don't think I look twenty-two, do you dear?" "No, dear, not now. But you used to!" ... In the men's common-room—"My girl is untidy, nagging all the time, extravagant and doesn't understand me." "When did you meet this other woman?" ...



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2013

<http://archive.org/details/thecarleton01carl>

The CARLETON

Published by the Students of Carleton College

Volume 1

MONDAY, MARCH 4, 1946.

No. 2.

I. S. S. Salves Suffering Students

RECEPTION COMMITTEE WELCOMES GUESTS



Dr. H. M. Tory welcomes Miss Opal Ambridge to the Carleton annual Prom, while Wally Avis president of the Student Council shakes hands with her escort Mr. Ray Magladry. Standing on Dr. Tory's right is Miss Faith Hutchison vice-president of the Council.

Asiatic, European Students Desperately Need Assistance

University students of China, France, Holland and other countries ravaged by the war are today desperately in need of help and support, moral and material. They need funds, they need clothing and food, they need books and medical supplies. And most of all they need the reassurance and inspiration of knowing that we are their friends. It is our privilege to extend to them a helping hand through the medium of the International Student Service.

COLLEGE ANNUAL PROM HELD SUCCESSFULLY

Carleton College launched its 1946 social season Saturday night, February 23, in the Glebe Collegiate gymnasium, with its pedigreed mid-winter Snow Ball, the Annual Prom Dance. Close to six hundred students and guests attended the function, which was perhaps the finest and most successful in the school's annals.

The high-walled gym was artistically transformed into a genial ballroom for the occasion, gaily appointed for the first time, in Carleton's tentative colors of red, white and black. From the pyramided bandstand, richly draped with a midnight blue, gold-starred curtain, George Milne and his orchestra, one of Ottawa's finest, rendered musical blending to the evening. Carleton student, Charley Kerr, was the featured vocalist with the band.

Arriving guests were welcomed by the College President, Dr. H. M. Tory, Vice-President Dr. M. M. MacOdrum, Mrs. MacOdrum, Walter Avis, President of the Student's Council, Miss Faith Hutchison, Vice-President, George Hay, Social Director and Miss Rae Dawson.

Refreshments were served in the School Cafeteria during the short intermission, after which dancing was resumed until midnight.

The dance was a supercharged sequel to the Christmas Hop and its unparalleled success more than repaid Master Planner George Hay and his diligent staff, which included Miss Rae Dawson, Electrician Bill Butterworth, and Decorators Jim McNee, Bill Morgan, and John Urquhart, for their earnest efforts.

The I.S.S. is completely international, non-denominational, non-political and according to the Geneva Convention it works among students both of allied and enemy countries. This makes it an important factor in building international co-operation in this difficult post-war period.

World Student Relief was organized after the last war and raised seven million dollars in five years which it used to promote university solidarity. During this war its funds have gone to help student war victims. Relief has been extended to students in prison camps, refugee students and students in occupied countries who are morally encouraged by the fact that students in more favored countries are giving of their resources to enable them to carry on with their studies.

The task of the next few years is even more important. The needs of students during post-war years will increase instead of decrease. There are universities to rebuild, laboratories to equip, libraries to fill with books, hospitals and sanitariums for student victims to be maintained.

During the war years International Student Service helped student war victims to remain alive and alert, and in the coming years we must help them to undertake the task of reconstruction.

Last year Carleton College contributed \$174.50 to this great cause. This year, with a larger student body, the college's contribution should be substantially increased.

Continued on Page 4.

Student Council Appoints Two New Members

Bill Wormington, newly-elected President of the Veteran's Association, and Bill Morgan, Accounting student were appointed to the Student's Council at its last meeting Feb. 21. The addition of these two new members swells the numbers of the Council to its full quota of eleven.

Bill Wormington was appointed after a motion by Wally Avis who felt that the newly-formed Veterans' Association ought to be represented on the council.

Continued on Page 4.

Carleton's Social Program To Be Enlarged In '46-'47

Students fees next year at Carleton College may be raised to five dollars for full-time students and one dollar per subject for special students. This would enable the college to plan and carry out a full sports and social program, to publish a college paper weekly and to furnish a large and comfortable common room where the students could meet informally.

The fee of one dollar which was paid this year is the lowest in Canada and makes little or no provision for student activities.

Continued on Page 2.

"The Carleton"

Published by the Students
of Carleton College

EDITOR-IN CHIEF
Kenneth U. Lunny.

Associate Editors.

Pat Joyner ————— Faith Hutchison
Clyde Kennedy ————— Tom Farley
Art Roberts ————— Joan Finnigan
Circulation Manager ————— M. Green

Reporters.

Barry Stevens, Bill Green, Steve Pugsley,
John Gough, Hal Landreville, Ray Magladry,
Esther Strutt, Stu Conger.

EDITORIALS - - - - -

International Student Service A Worthy Cause

International Student Service, a constituent of World Student Relief, is once again a name that is on the tongue of students throughout Canada. Yet this name, linked with that of World Student Relief, has been on the tongues of millions of students, in the war ravaged countries of Europe and Asia, consistently throughout the years of world conflict.

For World Student Relief, a global organization which administers funds from the I.S.S. and other student organizations engaged in relief work, has as its main purpose, the helping of students and professors victimized by the war, without discrimination as to race, religion, nationality or sex.

World Student Relief plans to give them the aid they need to recreate a sounder university, to play their vital role in the reconstruction of their country, and to help build a world community founded on liberty and justice.

In 1940 the European section of World Student Relief, the European Student Relief Fund—namely, the co-operation of the three major international student organizations, united their efforts to bring help to students during the war and in 1943 W.S.R. was created on the basis already established by E.S.R.F. Now under the organization of World Student Relief they are continuing this effective piece of co-operation in the period of reconstruction.

Surely, without further ado, the students of Carleton College are able to perceive that the support of this cause is justified. We cannot look upon this gasping sore in civilization, caused by the disease of war, apathetically. The healing of the wound is not only a benefit to those directly suffering but it is also a necessity to the educational and economic stability of the world. For the education of the world means the opening of new fields of trade and endeavour to the educated. By helping others, we help ourselves.

A campaign for funds in support of I.S.S. will soon be launched in Carleton as in the other universities throughout Canada. Support it with your donations. It is a moral duty.

—K. U. L.

Continued from Page 1.

CARLETON'S SOCIAL

Attendance too, reached a new peak and stood a large dollar sign on the end. Indeed, it was a social triple play for our embryo Alma Mater. Receipts, enthusiasm, and producer-consumer co-operation had a perfect inning affield and provided further proof that Carleton is capable of stepping out of its swaddling clothes and into the distinguishing finery of its older Canadian brothers.

"Tuum Est"

Time Magazine in a recent issue reports on the pioneering spirit of the president and the students of the University of British Columbia.

In need of a site and of buildings for their university back in 1922, the energetic students aroused active interest in their need by marching out to Point Grey, about six miles from down-town Vancouver, and selecting a site and erecting a cairn thereon. Those students adopted a motto which is still the guiding spirit of varsity students in that distant Land of the Sasquatch: "Tuum Est—It is up to you".

That they live up to their motto is shown convincingly by the fact that the students themselves have financed a gymnasium, a playing field and stadium and a recreation hall. Now they are busy raising half a million dollars for a war memorial gymnasium.

U.B.C.'s newest president, Dr. N. A. M. Mackenzie of Pugwash, Nova Scotia, seems to be imbued with the same spirit. When permission finally arrived from Ottawa to move army huts onto the crowded campus last fall, the president, says Time, had already seen to the moving.

Now Carleton College is in need of a home of its own and before long a drive is to be made to raise the necessary funds to build. We'd like to see Carleton's student body put as much push into this drive as those U.B.C. students put into theirs.

Those of us who attended Carleton's first convocation last fall (we feel it a great pity that more students didn't attend) have no doubt that we have a fighting president who has hurdled some mighty big obstacles in founding Carleton College—at an age when most people would consider their days of active participation in such things long since past. In addition to revealing something of the important place Carleton College occupies in this community, President Tory said, "I am an old hand at student work, after 55 years of it, but I have never found a finer student body than here at Carleton College". Perhaps more than we realize the student body is now challenged to live up to that praise.

Whether we do any parading or not we can let it be known that the college is a great asset to Ottawa, deserving of full support in the forthcoming building drive. Too many of us are inclined to take the college for granted.

Our president challenges us youngsters to keep up with him. The spirit of those western Thunderbirds watches us and says: "It is up to you!"

—C. C. K.

REPORT ON N-DAY

By JOAN FINNIGAN.

Lundum Tymes Correspondent in Ottawa.
I feel that I must speak of Canadians on N-Day. I was there. I saw them, and they were magnificent.

If history must cite D-Day as an example of the calibre of Canadian men, it will also cite N-Day as an example of the patience, the quiet determination, and the endurance of Canadian women.

On Feb. 16, 1946, in the bitter cold of Canadian winter, they stood complacently in queues and bought nylons. N-Day had arrived.

Here in Canada we all knew (knowing what we know about Canadian women) that the day was inevitable. For weeks in advance the newspapers had forecast that new and decisive moves would be made in such strategic centres as Ottawa, Montreal, Winnipeg and Vancouver. Coast-to-coast hook-ups predicted the great event. Talk was on every lip. "N-Day—N-Day—" In the nerve centres of the Dominion, where action was to take place simultaneously, store managers were discussing protective methods and installing shatter-proof glass in their windows. All employees were thoroughly briefed for Zero-hour. Police departments were standing by in full force and armadas of ambulances were prepared for any emergency. Doctors were especially trained to treat anything from a serious hat-pin jab to death from realization.

The female participants were heavily armed with rapid-firing, 88mm ration cards. The first assault terminated in two hours. Casualties were far below expectations.

That night the newspapers carried their world-rocking headlines. After a few days the nation moved back into its normal groove. But again I must praise the Canadian women who showed such marvelous restraint after a fretful six-year wait. They stood calmly in queues and bought nylons.

During my years as a war correspondent I have seen perfume queues in France, champagne queues in Greece and silk queues in Czechoslovakia but I have never (and I underline never) seen a queue so orderly, so complacent or so well-fed! as that queue of stalwart Canadian women standing in the sub-zero weather buying nylons for their skinny, shivering legs. What that day meant to them after years of privation can only be guessed.

Later on I hope to send you a report on S2-Day (shirt and sock day). Participation is restricted to Canadian men only.

Student Veterans Elect Officers

Future meetings of the council will be held every Thursday in Percy Street school at 2 p.m.

At a meeting held in the Percy Street school on Tuesday, Feb. 19, the Carleton College Student Veterans Association under the temporary chairmanship of Wally Avis, president of the Student Council, elected their chief executive officers and appointed a secretary and treasurer.

The newly elected officers are:
Chairman: Bill Wormington; vice-chairman: Jack Skinner; secretary-treasurer: Milton Vipond.

Plans are already under way for a Spring Dance, which will be held circa Easter, and students are advised to keep Date Books at hand.

Group representatives: Tommy Fitzgerald, Gordie Johnson, and Harold Barnhart also attended the meeting.

At the meeting a plan was put forth to place student veterans in summer jobs which would be beneficial to them in their future careers. A college book exchange was also suggested so that second hand books might be more easily obtained.

The president of the Student Council, a veteran, was granted the privilege of attending all the meetings of the veterans executive body. It was felt that his experience in other Veterans' organizations would be of great value in the development of the Carleton Veterans' Association.

UNCONSCIOUS CLASSROOM WIT

Tell all you know about Keats?
I don't know anything. I don't even know what they are.

On The Bookshelf -

"Diplomat in short pants"

"THE HAPPY TIME", by Robert Fontaine—price \$2.50.

Numerous books have been written during the past on the French-English problem in Canada, and as many theoretical solutions advanced. Here, for the first time, is the heart-warming portrait of a successful entente, the hilarious and loving home life of a young Ottawa boy with a Scotch-Presbyterian mother and French-Catholic father. Readers will admire the sentiments and applaud the adroitness of this Canadian Tom Sawyer in bringing his friend, "the Syrian kid," into the fold, even if only to win a hockey game. They will cheer as he out-maneuvres the officious sergeant-major and the puttees that won't stay put. Yet these are but some of the problems and trials in the career of a diplomat in short pants.

For the story of "The Happy Time" is the story of everybody's youth, a gay, captivating kaleidoscope of events which can be appreciated only through the eyes of a young man not yet in his teens, and "Bibi," for that is our hero's name, lives in an enchanted land of baseball, pet mice, Uncle Louis—who drinks white wine and sees blue angels, and smiling, plump-cheeked Father Sebastian, whose lips pour forth a stream of Latin while they also cause all the grapes in the family fruit bowl to disappear. It is a land, unfortunately, also peopled by characters such as Miss Grey, the school teacher, who cannot understand that the lovelies in "La Vie Parisienne" are beautiful even without clothes on.

But even Miss Grey cannot cloud youth's skies for long. Whatever the land of Bibi lacks, it is not color, even when its colors are the rainbow hues that sometimes shine through teary lashes. In 269 pages of nostalgic wit and sympathetic humor, author Fontaine has stored up for readers of all ages a very happy time.

—Tom Farley.

ESSAY CONTEST

Your Ideas On A World State

The Montreal Standard is at present running a nation-wide essay contest in conjunction with its supplements on the Atomic Age.

"Whether we like it or not", writes The Standard, "we have Atomic engery. In the form of bombs it can be used to destroy our civilization. In the form of a cheap source of power it can be used to raise the standard of living of people everywhere. We must make sure that it will be used to benefit humanity, not destroy it. Canada, as one of the three "atomic nations" will play a large part in determining just how we can go about it. Canadians, as citizens of a democratic country, can, and must be heard. This contest gives you that opportunity—take advantage of it".

There are three classes of which class (2), the undergraduate class, is of interest to the students of Carleton College:

(2) Undergraduate—Open to any undergraduate of a recognized Canadian University.

FIRST PRIZE \$1,000
SECOND PRIZE 250
THIRD PRIZE 100

And ten prizes of \$25 each.

TOPIC:

HOW SHOULD WE BUILD A WORLD GOVERNMENT IN THE ATOMIC AGE?

CONDITIONS: Essays must not be longer than 1,500 words. They may be written in French or English and they should be typewritten, double-spaced, on one side of the paper only.

THE CONTEST CLOSSES APRIL 13, 1946

Rambling
With
Aal

By HIMSELF.



The Prom:

The novel red, white and black archway . . . the dignitaries of the college, Dr. Tory, Dr. and Mrs. MacOdrum, Student Council President Walter Avis, and vice-president Faith Hutchison, George Hay, social committee chairman, with lovely petite Rae Dawson, extending to all a welcome . . . red, white and black streamers forming a false ceiling . . . congrats kids the decorations were tops . . . the multitude of white bibs and tuckers accompanied by the varied evening dresses gave evidence of a pride in the affair . . . laughter, and the buzz of conversations . . . introductions to new people . . . this was our prom.

Orchids To:

Dr. Tory and staff of Carleton College for their time and energy in giving many veterans the chance to enter their chosen universities by means of these accelerated courses . . . one can count the colleges that are doing this on one hand . . . to George Hay and the others who worked to put the prom over, your efforts were not wasted, it was definitely your night.

Book of the Month:

"Escape from Arnheim", by Captain Leo Heaps, M.C., of the First Airborne Division. A Canadian on loan to the British Paratroops, this is a true story of Captain Heap's life and experiences in and around Arnheim, months before that country was finally captured. On secret orders the major part of the time, his exciting particulars with the Dutch Underground are told with simplicity and unreservedness. This book should be a must on your list, H. M. L.

Stuff and Things; (at the prom):

Ken and Marie . . . "Ah sweet mystery of life at last I've found thee" . . . Say Marg, what happened to Jimmy? . . . Wally burning up shoe leather and poor Terry trying to follow . . . Joanie, don't look at Bob like that . . . Art setting new styles with a grey vest, it went swell with Ann's blue dress . . . Pat taking off her heels to dance with a little boy . . . People I've never seen before talking to me and calling me Sad Sack . . . Bob O'Malley, Smithy, and several others lost in the cafeteria . . . Johnny and Audrey off in the corner holding a discussion on Far Eastern Affairs . . . Susan and Tommy having a laugh over something . . . Dr. MacOdrum eating chocoleta cake in the cafeteria, and trying not to laugh at the same time . . . Ray breaking into a slow rag-time on the dance floor . . . his poor partner . . . loveliest little lady there, Doris Boyce, and her anaemic escort with his bottle of plasma, (guess who) . . . the rest is hazy.

Comment; To Whom it May Concern:

There are some people in this world who never seem to have things done just to suit them, they want jam on everything, and appear hurt when they can't have it . . . Lookie son, the profs. are bending over backwards now, do you expect them to lie on the floor for you?

Definitions:

"Chiropractor" . . . one who is paid for what others are slapped for. "Diplomacy" . . . the art of cutting the other guy's throat without using a knife. "Fun" . . . like insurance . . . the older you get the more it costs. "Lipstick" something that adds flavour to an old pastime. "Lady Godiva" . . . biggest woman gambler that ever lived . . . she put all she had on a horse. "Executive Ability" . . . the science of grabbing credit for someone else's work.

Carleton Cagers Tie With Tech

OPERATION BANANA

By CLYDE KENNEDY.

We have seen so many people who don't fish, not putting bananas in the refrigerator that we've decided to give some background to the banana song which is a current radio hit.

That the song is sponsored by west coast sports writers who have the interests of rod and reel fans at heart is not generally known. This is to be expected since very little detail is given with the song—except by the Happy Gang who correctly add that the bananas shouldn't be squeezed. We have it on reliable authority that they shouldn't be peeled either.

Bananas shouldn't be put in the refrigerator because they catch cold there and Banana Fish won't eat bananas that have colds. Penicillin is ineffective because the bugs of which it is composed get banana oil in their eyes so the only thing not to do is put bananas in the refrigerator.

But lets get back to the Banana Fish which, we have heard, is native to that part of the Pacific which lies off British Columbia (no pun intended). To catch this rare fish all you need is a row-boat, a bunch of bananas that haven't been in the refrigerator, and good reflexes. You row several miles out into the sparkling brine of the sunny blue Pacific (munching on a lotus all the while) to where you can barely touch bottom with an oar.

Now insert an unpeeled banana vertically into the water so that it is half submerged and hold it in that position. Keep a sharp lookout on all sides of your boat for the Banana Fish can move faster than an electron getting the bounce in a cyclotron. Furthermore, the Banana Fish, which nests in trees, sheds its skin, has no bones and travels in bunches, can smell a banana in the water at a distance of several miles. And when he gets a sniff—viola (French)—you have a strike!

As the Banana Fish sizzles at the bait you deftly whip the fruit out of the ocean. The Banana Fish by this time has too much momentum to stop and he shoots out through the hole left in the water by the banana.

Here's where you must move fast! While he's above water you quickly stick the banana back into the hole in the water. Now completely cut off from his natural habitat, the Banana Fish flops down onto the surface of the ocean and squirms about helplessly.

All you have to do is scoop him into your boat.

CARLETON DEFEATS DISTRICT DEPOT

Putting on a sparkling display of teamwork in the last six minutes of play that netted them 27 points, Carleton cagers walloped the army's District Depot team 53-30 in an Intermediate City Basketball League game in the Commerce gym Feb. 20.

It was a basket-for-basket battle up to half time when the score stood at 16-16. With heady Joe Bland piloting the forays against District Depot's rather solid back-court beef trust, Keith Young led Carleton scorers in the first half with seven points.

Carleton moved ahead nine points right after the half but the Depot threatened to tie it up again. With six minutes to go Keith and Ross Young teamed up with lanky Jim McNee in a series of smooth plays that scored in quick succession and completely dissolved the tight defensive play the Depot had been putting up.

Keith Luce played a steady game at guard for Carleton scoring seven points in the second half for a game total of 12.

Curran topped the scoring for the army team with 10 points. Carleton College—K. Young, 9; Baldwin, 2; R. Young, 9; Steele, 6; McNee, 7; Luce, 12; Bland, 6; Johnson, 2. Total, 53.

Depot—Daley, Hunt, 4; Stratton, 4; A. Trappitt, 2; Curran, 10; B. Trappitt, 2; Nicholson, 8. Total, 30.

Lat.-Am. Club Hears Mexican Ambassador

His Excellency, Francisco del Rio y Canedo, Mexican Ambassador to Canada, addressed the Latin-American club on Saturday, Feb. 16 at a dinner held in the YMCA. Using films to illustrate his lecture, he spoke in Spanish of his country, its people and their customs.

Introduced by Miss Joan Winters, president of the club, he was thanked in Spanish by Miss Mercedes French, teacher of the Spanish class.

Dr. H. M. Tory, president of the college was a guest of honor and spoke to the members congratulating them on their progress.

STUDENT COUNCIL

Continued from Page 1.

Bill Morgan was appointed to fill the vacancy created on the Council by the resignation of treasurer Charlie Kerr.

In spite of the crack overhead and we quote . . . "There's the Student Council snowed under with bills and what do they do but add two more!" . . . it is felt that the executive will profit by the services of these two interested and able students.

GENESOVE PRESS, OTTAWA

Playoff Promises Real Battle

By CLYDE KENNEDY
Sports Editor

After completing their games in the City Intermediate Basketball League with three impressive wins that hoisted them into the top position with Tech Grads, Carleton cagers are now poised for the playoff battle which will get under way as soon as definite arrangements can be made for the use of a couple of floors.

Summer Jobs For Carleton Vets

"We hope to have summer employment for every student veteran attending Carleton College", stated Bill Wormington, chairman of the Student Veterans' Association, at a meeting held last Thursday at the Percy street school. "Our Association," he continued, "is working in co-operation with the National Employment Services, to line up as many jobs as possible for those student veterans who intend to enter employment during the summer vacation."

This arrangement was made when Bill interviewed the Veterans' Employment Adviser who is acting as National Employment Service liaison officer to the Department of Veterans' Affairs.

Further details on the opportunities available will be published later. Meanwhile the Student Veterans Association are completing plans for an employment registry in Carleton College, which will start next Monday.

If suitable work is not available, a veteran is eligible for unemployment benefits from D.V.A. providing he has not been discharged for more than eighteen months. Those who do not fall within this bracket may apply for unemployment insurance from the National Employment Service.

During the meeting it was decided to draw up a constitution similar to that of the McGill Association which will be completed before the next session.

COLLEGE ANNUAL

Continued from Page 1.

A committee consisting of Wally Avis, Faith Hutchison and E. L. R. Williamson met with Dr. Tory and Dr. MacOdrum to urge the raising of the fee next year.

The question of colors was also raised. Red, white and black, the colors of Ottawa city seem to be the favorites and Dr. Tory had no objection to their adoption if they are approved by the board of governors.

Dr. Tory intimated that he would like the crest to consist of a maple leaf with an open book upon it. This was the emblem of the Khaki University which he established in the last war but is no longer in use. A Latin inscription on the book reads "Born in time of war."

Carleton and Tech Grads each won 11 and lost 4 games for a point total of 22. By defeating Y.M.H.A. in the last league game Feb. 25, Carleton eliminated them from the top spot. But there was still little to choose between the four leading teams for Y.M.H.A. and Barrett Sailors tied for second place with 20 points.

The playoff series promises to be a scorcher but Manager Don Anderson, speaking with fingers crossed, is confident that his squad will come out on top. Anderson never suffers from over-optimism, and rarely from optimism, but his reason for a touch of confidence at the moment seems to be Carleton's whirlwind finish in league play. His team walloped in succession Sailors, District Depot and Y.M.H.A. by the substantial margins of 17, 23 and 16 points respectively.

Carleton will battle Barrett Sailors while Tech Grads tackle Y.M.H.A. in the 2 out of 3 semifinal series. The two winners will meet in a 3 out of 5 playdown.

Taking advantage of a league ruling which allows teams that haven't participated in league play to challenge the winning team, the University of Ottawa hoopers have become a threat for the local intermediate crown. That this squad looms up on the scene as strong opposition for the winner of the intermediate playdown is indicated by its record in exhibition games. Dick Parisien's quintet has won 12 and lost one in games with senior and intermediate teams.

In their final game, played at the Coliseum Feb. 25, Carleton defeated Y.M.H.A. by 36 to 20.

Coach Merrick Band had his team abandon their usual man-to-man defense in favor of an effective zone defense on the large Coliseum floor. Y.M.H.A. picked up only three baskets in the first half and their high-scoring centre, Levitan, who had scored 53 points in his three previous games, was held to a game total of 4 points by Carleton's tight defense.

Keith Young, MacLenahan and Joe Bland paced Carleton scorers while Bodnoff was highest for Y.M.H.A.

Carleton—K. Young, 10; Baldwin; MacLenahan, 8; R. Young, 6; Steele; Goyette; McNee, 4; Luce, 1; Bland, 7; Johnston. Total—36.

YMHA—Levitan, 4; Saslove, 2; Pollock, 2; Bodnoff, 6; Greenberg; Levinson; Betcherman, 4; Blatcher, 2; Handier. Total—20.

The CARLETON

Published by the Students of Carleton College

Volume 1

MARCH 18, 1946.

No. 3.

International Student Service Week

Indian Parade

By ART ROBERTS.

I lounged back in the deckchair on the tea planter's veranda in Kurseong, idly toying with a swizzle stick and sipping a burra peg. Far out over the valley, the dazzling snows of Everest, Makalu and Kanchenjunga, gleamed like the billowing white sails of an armada sailing through an immaculate blue. As the sun slowly declined, it washed the snows with rose, then burnished them with gold while rivulets of acid green shadow trickled down their sides to be swallowed up in the lavender and amethyst mists which hung like giant cobwebs through the valleys.

This Himalayan cathedral was splashed with richer living hues than any stained glass window and the deep throated diapason of the wind boomed through the valleyed cloisters in greater concord than any organ. In this majestic solitude, beneath the celestial scrutiny of the Tibetan snows, many pathetic and humorous memories flooded back in colourful pagentry.

At the head of the procession wandered the little buffalo boy. His real name was Chandra but one day I called him "Chota kala bandar wala" or little black monkey, for his agility at tree climbing, and the name Chota stuck. Each morning at eight on my way to work he came a mile along the jungle trail with me to fetch the grazing buffalo, and rode on my shoulders elephant style, so he dubbed me Hathi. Months passed and we became close friends. In exchange for cigarettes he kept me supplied with mangoes, dabs, plantains, pomelos and a variety of other fruit when it came into season. One day I missed him. His friends told me that his father did not have enough land to divide among the five sons so the youngest one must become a beggar. I did not quite understand this until next day I found him sitting in the sun near his village with a bandage over his eyes. Under it were two large cockroaches—one in each eye.

"I shall become blind", he said, "and live by begging".

The pagent moved on, and I saw a wizened old silver smith squatting in his hut of busti and mud near Cuttack, deftly fabricating delicate spider-web designs from thin strands of silver. From his melting pot and few crude tools, he produced slender tendrils of metal which were worked into brooches, pendants, bracelets and cigarette cases incorporating lotus flowers, butterflies and many ancient tracteries.

Behind the silver smith marched an Indian funeral. The body was borne shoulder high by four relatives and was covered with a sheet strewn with flowers. It seemed to be a merry occasion, for the parade was led by a band of musicians in multi coloured turbans and cummerbunds. One had a decrepit set of bagpipes, another a battered trombone, and there were several tom-toms, a tabala and two flutes, all of which were recklessly vying to outdo the others in the production of a horriifying pandemonium of discord. So shattering was the onslaught that I expected the corpse to roll over and scream in agony. The litter followed in the wake of the band, who cleared the way of evil spirits, and trailing behind came the mourners and widow on their way to watch the cremation at the burning ghat. Here, the body was placed on a pyre of wood which was quickly kindled. At the height of the blaze the corpse slowly rose to a sitting position but was quickly thrust back with a long pole amid a shower of sparks.

The parade drifted along with people from all corners of the country mingling in the harlequin spectacle. People from Sinagari to Bangalore, and from Quetta to Chittagong. A group of thinly clad children romped by barefoot in the freezing snows of Kashmir with their little feet red, swollen and split with the cold, while their parents squatted in the snow, each wrapped in a blanket beneath which they carried a pot of glowing coals for warmth.

Continued on Page 4.

Taggers to Solicit Classes Council May Obtain Film

This is I.S.S. Week. Dig into your pocket. Sacrifice that extra packet of cigarettes, a couple of those milk shakes at the corner drug store or that show that you really didn't want to see — give the money to some student in China or Italy or Poland so that he may have books, food, medical attention and the other necessities which we are so apt to take for granted.

Carleton College To Be Reorganized

"A considerable re-organization of Carleton College, involving the creation of faculties, is now underway", Dr. Tory said in a recent statement to The Carleton. All extensive changes will be effected before the start of next term, the president said.

"The Board of Governors of the Ottawa Association for the Advancement of Learning has decided that the time has come to re-organize Carleton College into definite faculties", Dr. Tory stated.

The intention is to create a Faculty of Arts and Science and a Faculty of Public Administration. The Faculty of Arts and Science will be subdivided into three departments: Journalism, General Education and Applied Science.

Dr. Tory said that next year day classes will be in full swing in all departments. Plans for improved teaching accommodation are also underway. The president said that he hoped to make a more detailed statement on this question before the end of the term.

Carleton Students off to Queens

From the D.V.A. counsellor Mr. Logan, comes the news that most of the student veterans who completed their senior matriculation here last month are off to university for the spring term. The term which begins April 1st runs until the middle of September, giving the students a two week break before entering the fall term for their third year.

Seventeen of the student's who are taking advantage of this spring term offered by the universities have registered at Queen's. A few are entering Toronto Varsity, while others are waiting for the fall term before continuing their course.

Taggers will be stationed at the doors and will circulate through the classes to collect your contributions. As each student gives his donation he will be presented with a tag reading I.S.S. Donor and if he wears this tag where it can be seen, he will not be solicited again.

The Students' Council is trying to obtain from the National Film Board a short feature on the work which I.S.S. is doing and to present it in the auditorium while the drive is on so that you may see for yourself the good work which the dollars you contribute to this cause are doing. Notices will be posted giving the date and time of the film.

Vets Plan Get-Togethers

At the last meeting of the Students' Council Milton Vipond and Tommy Fitzgerald, representing the veterans' organization, reported that the vets have plans to sponsor college get-togethers twice a month in the gym.

These sessions would include dancing to "canned" music from the gramophone—your opportunity to trip the light fantastic to the music of the best dance bands in North America — surprise novelty dances, and eats.

What the college needs is more informal social shindigs where the Joes and Janes can meet and talk and laugh and give Carleton that elusive "esprit de corps" known as college spirit of which, it is said, we sadly lack. Watch for posters announcing the first of these fortnightly fetes. Make a date to come and see who goes to Carleton College besides yourself. There are 2,000 of us you know!

CORRECTION.

Future meetings of the Carleton College Student Veterans Council will be held every second Thursday in Carleton College at 2 p.m. and not a Percy Street school as previously reported. (Ed.)

"The Carleton"

Published by the Students
of Carleton College

EDITOR-IN CHIEF

Kenneth U. Lunny.

Associate Editors.

Pat Joyner — Faith Hutchison
Clyde Kennedy — Tom Farley
Art Roberts — Joan Finnigan
Circulation Manager — M. Green

Reporters.

Barry Stevens, Bill Green, Steve Pugsley,
John Gough, Hal Landreville, Ray Magladry,
Esther Strutt, Stu Conger.

EDITORIALS - - - - - On Veterans & Higher Education

With the call to arms in 1939 thousands of university students and potential university students commenced to lay down their books, put away their slide rules, pack up their reports and test tubes, turn their backs on university campi and say "s'long" to fraternity brothers and sorority sisters, in the various universities and colleges throughout Canada, as they joined the throngs of other servicemen and women in heeding the call of their country at war.

And now this tide of men that ebbed from the halls of learning throughout the six bloody years of war, has commenced to flow back. But the drain of six years is flowing back in flood proportions and the doors of the educational institutions are being forced to close against them, for the classrooms, and the laboratories, and the medical theatres are not sufficiently large to accommodate them all.

The universities and colleges, the professors and teachers throughout Canada are doing their utmost to alleviate the pressure of this great convergence but still the tide swells forward. The Canadian government too has tried to ease the strain by allowing out-of-work benefits to veterans awaiting university training. But this is not enough.

The problem calls for the most strenuous efforts on the part of the colleges themselves by people in college communities, by War Assets Corporation, by National Housing Registry and by building contractors and workers.

Canada owes more than a debt of honour to those men who endured, voluntarily, the hardships of battle in Africa, Italy, Europe, the Atlantic and the Pacific and the great battlefields of the sky. Canada owes her heroes of war the opportunity to find their place in the post-war world with the least possible delay, and with the least possible hardship whether mental, physical or monetary.

We are inclined to think that the time has come for the Canadian government to give some serious thought to their student veterans. The disposal of surplus war materials should be directed with top priority to the colleges and students; likewise should the students be given a high priority with regards to housing.

Bureaux of War Assets Corporation and National Housing should be set up within all colleges and universities in Canada, and an honest effort be made to secure the best at lowest cost for student veterans. Citizens should be propagandized to perform a patriotic service by opening up spare rooms at reasonable rates to students. Builders and contractors should co-operate energetically in putting up additional housing in college neighborhoods.

With the cost of living away above that of peacetime, the living allowance of \$60 a month granted to single student veterans is ridiculously low and the \$80 granted monthly to married veterans is even more ridiculous in comparison.

The students of Canadian universities are showing their willingness to do their part in establishing a higher standard of living for the world by the simple fact of so many desiring higher education.

But peace of mind, and comfort of body are necessary if these students are expected to give their best to their work. So let's all pull together in every way we can to get Canadian higher education back to its prewar availability, quality and cheapness, and then some. It is not the most spectacular of Canada's reconversion jobs but perhaps it is the most important of them all.

—K. U. L.

SPRING

Just as we go to press the first day of Spring—according to the astronomers, if not according to weather—will almost be upon us. All winter long we have watched the constellation Orion wheel slowly across the sky. As we leave our night classes now the Great Hunter is closer and closer to disappearing in the west.

In the meantime that beautiful jewelled pattern of Orion is being replaced by the constellation Corvus—the Crow or Raven—one of the heralding constellations of Spring. It is a group of four stars about a third of the way up between the south-eastern horizon and the zenith. It is shaped like a cutter's mainsail and for that reason is so named by mariners.

Now legend has it that the Raven was originally a bird which wore a raiment of purest white. But it came to pass that the Raven went to spy on those whose affections it had previously enjoyed. The information which the Raven gleaned with his spying so enraged one of the gods that he condemned the Raven to be cursed and to be black for evermore.

However, the god relented. Perhaps he realized that even a god could be destroyed if he was determined to remain angry. In any case, the Raven was given a place in the sky from which he now twinkles peacefully. Like all the other stars he knows the secrets of atomic energy.

As the Raven looks down he must wonder what will be the outcome of the curses man is putting on man as this long awaited Spring of peace on earth approaches.

When man embarked upon the war so recently ended only the stars knew the secret of atomic fission. Will only the stars be able to know the secret of sharing atomic fission peacefully or will man learn this secret too?

Will he learn it in time?
Yes, Spring is near, and when it comes it might well find the writing on the wall to be the last two lines of one of Omar Khayyam's rubais:

"And lo! — the phantom Caravan has reached
The Nothing it set out from—Oh, make haste!"
—C. C. K.

IN CASE YOU DIDN'T KNOW

Who wants the dough we slave to save?

The Russians!

Who never uses Burma-Shave?

The Russians!

Who keeps our MP's up at nights

With writing notes avoiding fights,

And slights our sights and smites our rights?

The Russians!

Who heckles poor Mackenzie King?

The Russians!

Who made aunt Emma's doorbell ring?

The Russians!

Who, with their bearded pan a smylon,

Swiped democratic stocks of nylon

That WE were waiting all the whylon?

The Russians!

Who is it that backs our every strike?

The Russians!

Who is it that we MUST NOT like?

The Russians!

Whoisit aftra coupla snortsch

Of vodka, caviar, and bortsch,

Toss ladies from their own front portsch?

The Russians!

Who communizes every joy?

The Russians!

Who kicked THE CARLETON'S copy-boy?

The Russians!

Who stalks that screen of Uncle Sam's

Displaying long and glamorous gams

—And makes us flunk our term exams?

Okay!

Can we help it if Gene Tierney was

born in the Yewnited States?

— Diogenes

CALLING ALL CARLETONITES

Be on the Lookout For
FURTHER ANNOUNCEMENT
of an
EARLY SPRING DANCE

Donate Generously To The I. S. S. Campaign

On The Bookshelf -

"One Man's Battle"

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND FATHER SMITH—by Bruce Marshall—Houghton Mifflin Company—191 pages.

Bruce Marshall is a dark genial Scot with two points on his pen. One is for poking fun at incompetent Bishops, Big Business, and stuffed shirts, the other is an outlet for his great fund of pity for the sincere and obscure toilers who work out their lives in a crowd where the lamp of fame seldom shines.

It is to such a crowd the reader comes as he cycles down the rain-wet road to a little Scottish town with the priest to hear Mass in the local fishmarket; for "Caledonia, stern and wild, continued in 1006, to remain as unimaginatively Presbyterian and unsanctified as before." Its salvation is the story of "The World, The Flesh, And Father Smith." The little town of stolid citizens and sordid sinners, wealthy Lady Impeccanua, and the dying sailor of Mrs. O'Flanagan's boarding house, is the battleground where Father Smith wrestles with the forces of Darkness.

Bruce Marshall first won acclaim on this side of the Atlantic with his "Father Malachy's Miracle", which captured the hearts of New Yorkers when it appeared as a Broadway play. In this book Mr. Marshall—though himself a convert to Roman Catholicism and a devout believer—has wisely confined himself to a single miracle... the miracle of undying courage in the heart of a good man. It is one in which, as we see Father Smith's shining face moving through the slums, bringing comfort to the suffering and the uneducated, brightening their lives with the lamp of his faith, we can all come to believe.

Father Smith who gains no material reward, no medals for four hard years as a military padre, returns to be placed in a junior position to Father Bonnyboat, who has taken his place during the war. He sees one of his flock become a murderer, and the rest thrown into the tragedy of another World War. But even the most placid onlooker, as he sees the old priest on his deathbed, realizes that Father Smith has won his fight. His last words as he turns to the Polish chaplain at his side, are: "Don't forget to let them know there'll be Mass on Sunday in the fishmarket."

—TOM FARLEY.

Veterans To Hold Informal Hop

It was decided that arrangements should be made to hold an informal juke-box hop in the near future, at a meeting of the Carleton Student Veterans' Association held last Thursday in the Carleton common room.

President Avis pointed out that the Student Council was in no position to financially underwrite the veterans' organization, and that they should establish a working fund as soon as possible. Besides meeting the costs of correspondence and administration they hope to raise sufficient money to send a representative to the next meeting of the National Student Veterans' Conference which will probably be held at McGill University.

As a solution to this financial problem, it was suggested that a dance be arranged in the Commerce gym with a coke bar and public address system to provide recorded music. The price of admission was tentatively set at twenty five cents per head and it was proposed that it take place some evening after classes from 9.30 to 12.

The point was raised at the meeting that there had been some criticism of the Veterans' Employment Registry now operating in the college, on the grounds that the opportunities available would be handed round to the favored few.

This conception is out of the question as the whole matter is in the hands of the National Employment Service.

The purpose of the college registry is to facilitate the means of application for employment for those intending to work during the summer and who have not already applied for jobs through other channels. The application forms deposited at the office are grouped according to the dates on which the applicants complete their course, and are then sent to the National Employment Service where the desired information is transferred onto the veterans' employment card.

At present the Service is trying to sound out the trend of desired employment so they may approach the necessary firms and sources of work as soon as possible. The sooner you get in your application the less delay there will be in placing you after your course has ended.

Notice of motion was given that Dr. H. M. Tory be invited to act as honorary president of the Student Veterans' Association.



Rambling

With

Ad

By HIMSELF.

DON'T YOU?

Thomas Carlyle once said, "... an educated man stands, as it were, in the midst of a boundless arsenal and magazine, filled with all the engines which man's skill has been able to devise from the earliest time." ... I think it's about time some of the peoples of this world woke up to this fact and put it to some GOOD use.

TO THOSE INTERESTED:

A loan? ... see the Hound-U Finance Company. Hound-U's technique calls for references from fifty persons whom you have known for over twenty years, including the premiers of six provinces. After getting your loan you are wired for sound, so that if you ever get more than four miles from home a button is pressed and your pants fall off. The same people operate the Jolly-Fracture Insurance Company featuring the eighty-year-pay-life policy. If you ever lose a leg they will help you find it.

POEM:

The other night I held a hand
So dainty and so sweet,
I thought my heart would burst with joy.
So loudly did it beat.
No other hand into my soul
Could so much solace bring,
As the hand I held the other night,
Four aces and a king.

BOOK OF THE MONTH:

See "On The Bookshelf", ... an excellent column Tommy, keep it up.

DEFINITIONS:

"Grapefruit" ... a lemon that had a chance and took it. "Age" ... something that people have no use for unless it's bottled. "Courtship" ... a period in which a girl decides whether she can do better. "Debutante" ... one who dresses to kill and cooks about the same way. "Experience" ... a series of failures. "Conscience" ... the inner voice which tells us that somebody is looking. "Glamour" ... something that evaporates when the sweater is too tight. "Cookie" ... a virgin doughnut.

BOOST TO:

Bill Wormington and Bill Morgan on their appointments to the student's council, they are definitely an asset, and the vets will benefit by it ... the committee who are studying the school fee situation ... I for one, do not think the fees are high enough to facilitate the proper sports and social programmes, or for the publication of a newspaper ... from the grapevine, I believe this to be the opinion of the majority ... correct me if I'm wrong.

STUFF AND THINGS: (Around):

A-sh spr-r-ing ... the beautiful streets, mud, slush, and the smell of rotting vegetable matter ... but wait, don't doff those flannels, because this is March kids, in like a lamb, out like a ram ... it isn't spring until the 21st I believe ... Spring the time of year when a young man's fancies gently turn to thoughts the ladies have been thinking all winter, (old, but still in use ... and what's this I hear about Faith and Wally keeping step with the season? ... now maybe the mob will move their daily bridge game outside, if it's warm enough ... Some people seem to be annoyed by the two Dutch-caps they have been staring at all winter, in a Monday night's class ... why don't you girls wear bathing suits and really give them something to talk about ... A spring dance is slated, so how about turning out and giving George a hand with the decorations etc., he's put over two dances now practically alone ... Oh, oh, the phone's ringing.

International Student Service Week March 18 - 25

Sailors Scuttle Carleton Cagers

MOSTLY MISCELLANEOUS

By CLYDE KENNEDY

ON STUDY

A recent communique of Alcoholics Anonymous on how to stay sober might well be paraphrased as a solution to the difficult problem of how to study: Never reminisce about the time when you didn't have to study and how enjoyable it was; always carry a plug of tobacco in your pocket to chew when you have just completed ten minutes of studying and reminiscing and have decided that you have earned a half hour break with a foray on the refrigerator; never tempt yourself by going where there are no books; pray.

Before any of this will work you must be convinced that studying isn't ruining you.

ON PADDING

We were reflecting recently upon the fact that one difference between high school and college is that reams of flappedoodle and fludub sn't nearly so helpful in attacking an exam question that strikes a weak spot in your homework. And this reminded us of the story of a reporter who was sent by his paper to cover the Johnstown flood. Since he was to be paid on the basis of the amount of copy he turned in, the reporter resorted to that type of padding which has been known to help students over certain exam questions which, from the point of view of the studying they have done, are somewhat aromatic.

In his first despatch the reporter went on and on about how God frowned down from the hilltops while the flood raged below. His editor promptly wired him: "Forget flood. Interview God".

ON BANANAS

As a result of a story in this column on the value of bananas as bait for Banana Fish, Joan Winters clipped this interesting item from the Globe and Mail. It adds considerable to our growing knowledge about a "pristine product of honourable mother nature".

The following remarkable composition was written by an Oriental student, educated in America:

"The banana are great, remarkable fruit. He are constructed in the same architectural style as sausage. Difference being skin of sausage are habitually consumed, while it is not advisable to eat rapping of banana. Banana are held aloft while devoured; sausage is left in reclining position. Sausage depend for creation on human being, or stuffing machine, while banana are pristine product of honourable mother nature. In case of sausage, both conclusions are attached to other sausages. Banana, on the other hand, are joined on one end to the steam, and opposite termination are entirely loose".

INDIAN PARADE Continued from Page 1.

I chuckled as I saw myself jolt through the streets of Mussoorie in a maharaja's emblazoned rickshaw drawn by four boys in green and yellow livery and once again I lived those serene moments plunged deep in cushions as the shikari propelled us over the cool waters, past the Shahimar gardens in the City of the Seven Bridges.

Then there was the time when we went for a Turkish bath and were escorted deep into a gloomy sanctum of an old disused Hindu temple, draped with tapestries and lined with huge turbaned figures of men, vague in the dim light. Their arms were folded and I imagined scimitars hanging by their sides. The memory was a confusion of narrow doors, hewn rock, murky vaults and Nubian slaves—shades of Arabian nights. It passed, and Sikim drifted into the scene where deep in a rhododendron forest of startling pinks and reds, a straggling mule caravan threaded its way across the Tibetan border accompanied by the tinkling of many tiny bells. We stopped it and bartered with a bearded trader for some rough cut rubies and opals.

I recalled the Bay of Bengal and three of us rushing, helter skelter out of the waves at the sight of a shark's fin slicing towards us. I laughed too, when it was washed up on the beach—dead. The pageant was startled by the flapping of many wings as the Tower of Silence looms up on Malabar Hill in Bombay. Here the Parsis carry their dead to be devoured by the vultures—

"Sahib"

The procession was rudely dispersed by the bearer.

"Khana abhi taihar hai, sahib".

Dinner was ready and I tossed back the rest of my drink but felt loath to leave the chill air and my memories for the warmth of the fireside and the present.

League Leaders Eliminated

By CLYDE KENNEDY
Sports Editor

Chief Cager Don Anderson has sadly turned all his attention to his omniscient Figuring Stick and his Leering Transit and there is a sorrowful silence in the camp of the Carletons out on the Carling reserve. It was the treacherous evil spirit Manidos which caused one of his warriors to be cursed with a penalty which cost him the first game of the all-important basketball semi-finals. A reliable authority, who doesn't want to be quoted, says it was the mighty Chief's careless failure to toss pouches of tobacco into the Chaudiere Falls in tribute to the Great Manitou before the second game which caused him the agony of another defeat for the Great Manitou spit in the eyes of his warriors and they couldn't draw an accurate bead on the basket.

Chief Anderson is remaining in his tepee incommunicado and disconsolate for his great hooping tribe which gave such promise with its outstanding league play was eliminated from the hunt for the City Intermediate Basketball crown. The Chief wasn't available for comment but his spokesman quoted him as saying, "the Sailors played better ball than we did".

After holding a slight lead throughout the first game the Carleton cagers saw a win slip from their grasp as Barrett Sailors defeated them 31-30 in the Glebe gym March 5. The collegians were two baskets ahead at half time when the score stood at 19-14.

With four minutes to go in the second half and the score 30-28, the Sailors broke through to lace in a basket and tie up the game for the first time. Carleton then staged a desperate attack but the Sailors stopped them with a tight defence. With only 30 seconds left to play Carleton was penalized for roughing and McLean sank the free throw to give Sailors the game.

Keith Young, Graham McLennan and Ross Young led Carleton in the scoring in this game while Keith Luce and Jim Baldwin were outstanding at guard.

On the night of Thursday, March 7, Chief Anderson was found prostrated on a Rockcliffe trail clutching a score sheet which read Sailors 47 Carleton 34. A few minutes earlier his tribe had been scuttled by the Sailors in the nearby gym.

The barrage of accurate shots which the Sailors tossed at the basket of the spirited Carleton five was simply too much for them. When they weren't doing some accurate sniping the Sailors were putting such a defensive pressure on the Carleton forays that Coach Merrick Band's boys couldn't settle to their usual shooting form. In their last meeting before the playoffs Carleton walloped the Sailors by a margin of 17 points, but in the playoffs they couldn't seem to hit the sharpshooting which carried them into the lead in league play.

The highlight of Carleton's play

in the last game was the ball handling displayed by captain Joe Bland who sparked throughout the game and led Carleton's scoring with 8 points. Ross Young and Jim McNee were right behind him with 7 and 6 points respectively.

Although he doesn't seem to see the beautiful floral tributes and the mound of telegrams that have come from sporting reserves all over the nation, Chief Anderson may find consolation in reflecting upon his successful management of a football team that played a season studded with wins and his coaching of a hockey team that has gone undefeated. And after all, his cagers won notable honours with a top spot in league play.

WORK & WE'LL PAY SAYS D.V.A.

Mr. Logan, Department of Veterans' Affairs Counsellor questioned by a Carleton reporter on the continuance of financial assistance from the government, in regards to university training, after one's period of entitlement had elapsed, made the following statement.

"To be eligible for extension of assistance beyond entitlement the applicant must have been in the service long enough to give him a full academic year (about eight months). If this provision fits, all that is needed by the student is to obtain marks which place him in the top 25 percent of his class or to pass with second class honours in the year previous to that in which his allotments expire".

Mr. Logan added that the government will continue educational benefits as long as the student merits them.

"I would like to remind veterans that, in order to avoid difficulties when changing courses or entering another university, they should make a point of seeing their D.V.A. counsellor", Mr. Logan said.

Mr. Logan is in the Carleton College office every Monday, Wednesday and Friday mornings.

Canada's Goal \$50,000 - - - \$1 Each Student



The CARLETON

Published by the Students of Carleton College

Volume 1

MONDAY, APRIL 1, 1946.

No. 4.

Results Of I.S.S. Drive Disappointing

Dr. Tory Reports Vets Attendance Grows

Permanent Facilities Plan
Nearing Completion.

At a recent meeting of the Board of Governors of Carleton College, President Dr. H. M. Tory reported that the attendance of returned servicemen at school continues to grow.

A new class of First Year Arts will be admitted in April, and already 90 have registered, he stated.

If a suitable building cannot be purchased for laboratory purposes, a temporary building must be constructed, Dr. Tory said. Orders for next year's requirements of scientific equipment have already been placed.

The plan for two permanent faculties; Arts, with subdivisions in arts and science, including first year engineering, commerce, journalism, and general education; and Public Administration, was reported to be nearing completion.

Following a favorable report from the campaign committee showing substantial progress, Dr. Tory announced that a meeting of the full committee will be held next week when a definite plan of action will be submitted for approval.

Professors vs Students In Coming Battle

"A granite rock, a curling broom and thou!"

The curling battle of the year is in the offing. A fierce challenge has been thrown out by "Dead-Eye" D'Arcy Finn, daring the students of fourth year journalism to meet their professors in a duel of rocks, brooms and wits on the ice of the Ottawa Curling Club Tuesday, April 2 at 2.30 in the afternoon. Monday, April 1, was discarded for the date of the battle—after all they're nobody's fool!

It is reported that "Flash" Rickie will skip the student's rink as he has behind him three years of curling experience in some one-horse town in Saskatchewan. Also on the team are "Eagle-Eye" Len-

Continued on Page 4.

Buck up Vets It's Only a Buck

"Yeah, I know they're having a tough time", the lad said when approached by the I.S.S. tagger, "I know they haven't got much, but then neither have I".

This hard luck story is beginning to burn me up. I grabbed him again before he could get away.

"Look!" he jumps in with both feet before I can open. "I see—and month to month to at that leave me for—"

"Don't look him course is which me get aroun a year, as you is one your good or Petrof student across". I ments with end hands.

"Darn!"
"No fags moaned."
"Tough" dollar.

I mopp and thou hundred yet to co

Don't r aforesmen at it ph. have see and you l is an opp what yc down.

It was ling of th sociation vised to of the vet the mont 3rd the t engineers Thursday they wi classes a Commere

Weeks "take" \$244.50 Vets yet to be Canvassed

In spite of the noble efforts of the I.S.S. committee and their bevy of beguiling taggers the results of last week's drive were rather disappointing. A total of \$244.50 was the "take" at the official counting Monday night.

Last year Carleton College collected \$174.00. This year, with a tripled student body, it was expected that we might raise our contribution to \$500.00. It is yet possible that this sum may be reached as several of the outside veterans' classes have yet to be canvassed and it is a peculiar fact that these boys with their too-low monthly incomes are the people most eager to donate.

Our indefatigable president, Wally Avis and his helpers Joan Finnigan and Bill Morgan are to be congratulated for their efforts

success.
was received
e college of-
painted cam-
ed notices on
s, and above
tagged the
ht wheedling
(and cents)
d you.
n the results
me down and
ey but there
l counted be-

"I guess the
on starve and
ear".
ppointed. I
ould be glad

have had the
ning of the
aid they were

if you were
paign was on
now. Take
college office
first week in

unces May 4th

g of the Stu-
s announced
Spring Dance
ening of May
a gala affair
n. Because of
iday it is im-
this dance in
is a little near
as your last
orth to conquer

ued on Page 4.

Sixth Vets Course Commences April

Approximately 1,230 student veterans will have passed through Carleton College on completion of the next short course in First Year Arts, Dr. MacOdrum said in a recent statement.

The sixth veterans' short course in First Year Arts will begin in April and carry through August of this year. It will be the first summer course offered to veterans by Carleton College. Two such veterans' courses have been completed, three being in progress now. In addition there are three Junior Matriculation courses underway but no more classes of this kind are contemplated.

Beginning next year. Second Year Journalism students will be required to take Psychology, but will have a choice of two of: Philosophy, Economics, Political Science and History 2. In the third and fourth years, students will be allowed to branch off, in a limited way, into Political Science or Economics, depending upon their individual interests. The Department of Journalism will constitute a subdivision of the Faculty of Arts, which will be formed next year.

"The Carleton" Published by the Students of Carleton College

EDITOR-IN CHIEF

Kenneth U. Lunny.

Associate Editors.

Pat Joyner	Faith Hutchison
Clyde Kennedy	Tom Farley
Art Roberts	Joan Finnigan
Circulation Manager	M. Green

Reporters.

Barry Stevens, Bill Green, Steve Pugsley,
John Gough, Hal Landreville, Ray Magladry,
Esther Strutt, Stu Conger.

EDITORIALS - - - - - CREST AND COLORS

When the Ottawa Association for the Advancement of Learning was organized in June, 1942 and Carleton College established in the summer of that year, we believe, the Board of Governors planned to agree on representative colors and an escutcheon and motto emblematic of the dreams and plans of the Association. This would give the college individuality. Carleton could then take its place among the other established universities and colleges, known on the various fields of sport by its distinctive colors. The crest also would find many uses and above all the benefits reaped from this type of orthodox advertising would possibly be more than previously thought of.

Yet where is the crest, where are the colors? Granted the Board of Governors has been busy these past months with matters of policy and plans of expansion, yet Dr. Tory himself has suggested an emblem—a maple leaf superimposed on an open book—an idea taken from the crest of the Kahki University of which Dr. Tory was the founder. Surely the Board of Governors will agree that this idea is fitting to a college whose president is Dr. Tory.

Colors have been suggested for the college, black, white and red, colors of the city of Ottawa and of the once famous Ottawa Senators, former members of the National Hockey League, who, for a considerable number of years, were the pride of Ottawa's enthusiastic sport fans.

Now as Carleton's plans of expansion loom on the near horizon, expediency becomes the watchword in this matter.

Are we, the students of Carleton College, asking too much when we ask the Board of Governors to approve or reject these suggestions? Or do we have to sit apathetically by and wait for another year, for another body of students to resurrect the topic?

—K. U. L.

DRAMATICS

Do the halls of Carleton jealously conceal from the public eye an actor destined perhaps to be another John Barrymore, that renowned Thespian, who played Hamlet in 101 consecutive performances or is it that they guard the secret of a young actress already walking in the shoes of the great Marie Dressler? Or maybe the veil of concealment hides a future Jack Benny or another Joan Davis?

Whatever it hides it seems that nobody will find out. Not unless Carleton's dramatics class chooses to tear away this veil of secrecy.

Come now, you budding artistes, the stage is set, the curtain is about to go up, the theatre is filled; but wait! There is confusion—there is no play. Why?

That is exactly what the students would like to find out. Why a dramatics class and no play? Perhaps we might get some action yet. Remember you would-be stars it might be another slice of ham to Walter Winchell but to Johnny Carletonite it could mean an evening's entertainment.

—K. U. L.

"A QUIET SATURDAY NIGHT"

OR

"The Ballad of Hungry Heels"

The chicken sat on the side-board,
Alone and unprotected;
The Frigidaire was really full
With Sunday guests expected.
I settled down in a comfy chair
"Oh, peace has come at last",
When suddenly from a mad no-where
Our gang came rushing past.

I stretched out my hands in dismay;
I cried "Stop! Stop!" aloud—
I was rudely brushed aside
By the frenzied starving crowd.
Determined indeed, indeed they were
And against me every man.
I plugged my ears and, short of air,
Breathed on the Installment Plan.

And some starved male, in sympathy
Said, "we won't eat everything",
Then just to prove his words to me
He gorged a chicken wing.
And every crash was just a glass,
And every sandwich roast,
And somewhere in the living-room
A fiend was burning toast.

Oh Paderwaski, Rubenstein
Within our humble hall
Were quite enough, until they played
"Let's get away from it all".
They rolled the rug to jitterbug
The radio blazed "Daddy"
While somewhere, someone found a saw
To open finnanhaddie.

Oh bedlam, chaos, hell and fire
Were just in small dimension
To that gang of crazy college kids
With starving, starved intention.
For—the clean bones sat on the side-board
Needing no protection;
The Frigidaire had obviously
Passed a very stiff inspection.

This is not the end of my story
But it's as far as I can tell
For when the maternal folks arrived
I really got — oh well
You know the rest.

—JOAN FINNIGAN.

NOTICE

EVERYBODY IS WELCOME

To The

VETS' HOP
GLEBE COLLEGIATE GYM
(Centre Door Carling Ave.)

*Dance to
America's Best Music*

Dancing 9.30 to 1 a.m.

Admission 25c per person (at door)

Refreshments & Prizes

On The Bookshelf -

"The Mountains Look On Marathon"

APARTMENT IN ATHENS, by Glenway Wescott—Harper Brothers
—268 pages—\$2.50.

"Gruesome" is the word for APARTMENT IN ATHENS. In spite of the fact that actual details are no more gory than those of many another war novel, Glenway Wescott has woven into his tale of day-by-day survival in war-occupied Athens a chill and mounting horror that is hard to match. The reader finds himself in the position of a snake-charmer, fluting a deadly cobra which he knows must strike if once the music stops, and will eventually at any rate.

For western minds, brought up on a diet of Plato's Republic and the logic of Aristotle, the human frailties of ex-publisher Helianos and his wife are all the more disturbing. Perhaps we expect some sort of Superman achievements from these inhabitants of a land that has been sung throughout the ages. Perhaps that is the tragedy of this story. None come. The Helianos and their undernourished, hypersensitive children share in the collective blight of the 1941 Occupation and bear personally the bitter megalomania of Captain Kalter's twisted mind. It is a story of blows and insults, with Helianos anger mounting, his wife's fear and fatalism pleading with him to do nothing, and the light of vengeance flaring daily in young Alex's eyes.

Practically the whole story takes place in the apartment, and the cramped quarters seem to give events an added force, as though each happening had been waiting with the energy of a compressed spring. Kalter's philosophic arguments with Helianos and the publisher's reactions are the best of the book, in them Wescott hits a high note in psychological writing and character delineation.

When the war takes his wife and son, Kalter's warped intellect becomes even more undermined. Nightly he argues and pleads with Helianos, trying to convince him of the rightness of the Greater Reich. Finally he commits suicide, having devilishly arranged before he does so to have Helianos arrested for his murder. In the end, Helianos is shot, but his death crystallizes in Mrs. Helianos' mind the reason for their lives. She determines to allow Alex to join the Underground. Not recommended for pre-bedtime reading. —TOM FARLEY

Some Thoughts On Education

Education comes through doing things, making things, going without things, taking care of yourself, talking about things.

The value of an education lies in the struggle to get to do too much for people, and they will do nothing for themselves.

To get much out of school you have to take much with you when you go there.

To teach is a good way to get an education. If you want to know all about a subject, write a book on it, a wise man has said. If you wish to know all about things, start in and teach them to others.

I am told that there be folks who pooh-pooh college training and sneeze on mention of a university degree. Usually these good people have no university degrees, but have been greatly helped by those who have.

Send your son to college . . . the boys will give him an education.

It is a great thing to teach. I am never more complimented than when some one addresses me as "teacher". To give yourself in a way that will inspire others to think, to do, to become—what nobler ambition! To be a good teacher demands a high degree of altruism, for one must be willing to sink self, to die—as it were—that others may live.

The teacher is one who makes two ideas grow where there was only one before.

—ELBERT HUBBARD.



Rambling
With
Hal

By HIMSELF.

ORCHIDS TO . . .

. . . Tom Farley for his excellent poster in the aid of the I.S.S. campaign . . . Joan Finnigan, Esther Strutt, Jackie Hodgins, Lita Rose Vineberg, Clyde Kennedy, Brenda Lowery, Art Roberts, Willis Glen, Faith Hutchison, Pat Joyner, E. L. R. Williamson, Bill Morgan, Muriel Lamonth, Orma Lea, Lois Cole, Joyce Fraser, Melbra Spratt and Wally Avis, for their untiring efforts in putting over the I.S.S. campaign.

NOTE . . .

Any of the veterans who would like to contribute to the I.S.S., and haven't already, will be able to do so during the week of April 3.

THORNS TO . . .

Some of the wise-guy engineers and other students who belittled the worthy cause of the International Student Service: "We won't twist your arm to have you donate, but we'd like to break it if you insist on deriding the efforts of the people who are evidently bigger than you".

ODD BITS . . .

For Sale: Waitress, experienced; Victoria Hotel . . . Ottawa Citizen. Hollywood: A dog in the same picture as Myrna Loy didn't blend with the star's gown, so what did they do . . . being Hollywood, naturally they dyed the poor mutt. Peking, China: G.I. to Chinese waiter. "Does the \$175,000 dinner include desert?"

DEFINITIONS:

"Gentleman" . . . a fellow a girl doesn't know very well. "Hereditry" . . . something every father believes in until his children act like fools. "Men" . . . generally falling into two classes . . . old and bent, young and spent. "Beauty" . . . a female with a lovely profile . . . all the way down. "Committee-Room" . . . a place in which persons not worth talking to listen to that which is not worth hearing. "Bustle" . . . a deceitful seatful.

FLAMING ROMANCE:

A sailor in the South Pacific wrote a friendly letter to a girl back at home. She answered in a more-than-friendly manner. When he reciprocated warmly, a succession of increasingly passionate letters ensued, culminating with the girl penning a mislabeled such high temperature that she thought surely her South Pacific Romeo would be unable to outdo it. INFLAMMABLE was even stamped on the envelope. A few weeks later she received an answer . . . an envelope containing mere ashes.

STUFF AND THINGS: (Headlines and Notes)

"Iran Expects Quick Russian Exit; Soviet Quits Manchuria April 30; UNO Force of 2,000,000 Is Urged". . . New York Times. Walter Winchell in his column and via his Sunday night broadcasts warned his listeners last fall all about the present situation in Europe, but everyone ignored him, or called him a trouble-maker, or worse; too bad. Also, "Hamburg Mob Loots Shops as Women Lead Food Riots" . . . and, "Worse 1947 Famine Facing Europeans" . . . Nice world we have to step into, isn't it? Wouldn't you like to see, "Carleton Tops I.S.S. Quota", as your headline? . . . Well what have you done about it?

SCRIPT TEASE:

Have you heard of Captain Bowse and his Semi-pro hour? He will take you on a trip to Hangnail Missouri . . . beautiful Hangnail, home of the great girdle manufacturer whose slogan, "We get around the Ladies" is a household word that can't be repeated here. The next performer will play the Missouri Waltz on a raddish. Also for better appearance you are offered Dr. Quack's Jekyll and Hyde face cream for dual personalities. Then there is the Twitching Jowl Shave Cream, which fools your beard and sneaks under your skin to make your whiskers grow inwardly so that you can bit them off. . . . (How can I have nerve to write this stuff) . . . Goo'-bye now.

Canadian Campus

A CUP FEATURE

While thousands of European students struggled to restore life to their bomb-gutted universities, Canadian students last week sat back snugly in their undamaged ivory towers and half-heartedly acknowledged their debt to their continental brothers-in-books. The International Students Service offered the opportunity for these Canadian students to repay their debt for peaceful camp, an opportunity which, in too many cases, was refused.

The classic example of this isolationist indifference came from the University of Manitoba where, under pressure of a few posters, about \$800 was extracted. Students frankly admitted they "didn't want to worry about other university students when trying to get a new university in Winnipeg".

Queen's University, traditionally renowned for the enthusiasm of its students, began its I.S.S. Campaign with a costume dance and a general meeting at which thought-provoking films of Chinas and Europe's war - haggard populace resulted in successful tag day. But too little co-operation and a too late publicity campaign forced the postponement of the I.S.S. Carnival.

Other reports were slightly more encouraging. At the University of Alberta where the campaign was getting under way, an interfaculty competition was announced with an award for the most generous. An Edmonton-wide, tag-day, circular letter, skits in the rotunda of the Arts College were planned to the I.S.S. climax, The Club 400 Ball.

The University of Montreal acknowledged no specific I.S.S. campaign but, instead, adopted the University of Caen, France, which was completely demolished during the war. Some 500 food parcels and over a thousand dollars had already crossed the Atlantic from the students of New France to the students of Old.

Following the efficiency trend of times, McGill University conducted a Combined Charities Drive which asked \$2 per student. The highlight of the campaign week, the Athletic Festival, netted the amalgamated

project a sum sufficient to cover the I.S.S. and the Red Cross.

Two Ontario universities, slightly tinged with pride, renewed concentrated efforts to further their functional friendliness. London's University of Western Ontario had surpassed the original fifteen hundred dollar objective and was already well on its way towards smashing the eighteen hundred mark. A mock "Information Please" program with four professors as masterminds met favor with the student body as did the novelty idea of an admission and an exit price. An auction, tags, posters kept the student interest alive as did the London Free Press and downtown theatres.

A newsreel I.S.S. appeal spotlighting University of Toronto's Chancellor Cody was warmly received not only by theatre-goers in London, Kingston and Montreal.

The University of Toronto went one step further however. It centred its drive around a typical co-ed contest which the lipstick-conscious Toronto press gobbled up. Students dug down, purchased tags to gain their admittance to the fun-musicgirl packed elimination program. Social directors grasped the opportunity to organize the first edition of the long-awaited All Varsity Revue, a composite of various faculty productions. Other features staged: a jazz concert featuring a top flight campus combo, a fraternity sponsored Anchor Ball and refugee speakers.

I.S.S. organizers, for the most part, kept their thoughts and disappointments to themselves. Observers noted that men and women who had experienced Europe's plight were more liberal with their donations. They also noted a slightly selfish attitude among the everade Canadian university student and paused to wonder: "Is Canada slightly high-hatted?"

Continued From Page One.

PROFESSORS VS. STUDENTS

no, "Heave-Ho" Hutchison and "Kavo" Coulter.

"Dead-Eye" D'Arcy will skip the professors but his line-up has not yet been announced.

Fun, foolishness and profanity are foreseen so if you have nothing better to do Tuesday afternoon, come and cheer for the students—they'll need it!

U. S. College Co-eds Show Lively Interest In World News

A staff writer for the North American Newspaper Alliance is wondering whether delegates at the UNO Security Council will be wearing bobby sox and saddle shoes, plaid shirts and yellow slickers or whether they will just give three cheers and a hobble gobble and carry on in their polished diplomatic manners.

It seems that this reporter in undertaking an extensive survey among college girls, in an attempt to determine their latest fad, found that whether she sports dad's old sweater or wears a fashionably tailored gaberdine suit, today's co-ed is much more interested in world politics and labor troubles than in bangles, silver clips and blue jeans.

A glance at the programs of the colleges shows that the young women who stayed home studying while their brothers and sweethearts went off to war have not been cloistered within their ivy walls.

The NANA reporter finds that concern over international affairs is intense. Scarcely a month goes by without some special college activity in this field. In November the Connecticut College for Women asked foreign students from neighboring colleges to discuss with them, "youth's part in the peace". In January, Radcliffe College joined forces with the Massachusetts League of Women Voters in a two-day institute to examine "our new foreign policy".

Hear Russian Experts.

February found Vassar undergraduates inviting three experts on Russia to survey "the far east as the playground of power politics" and summoning students from a dozen different colleges to help assess the conflicting views.

In March an intercollegiate conference on UNO and world government was held at Mount Holyoke College, where 45 undergraduates from 17 colleges and universities declared their faith in world federation. They sent a letter to the UNO, the president, the senate and the newspapers, calling for a world sovereignty to replace existing national sovereignties.

Not only international but also national problems, are being tackled by the co-eds. One group of Smith girls fought through the court a "tie-in" sales practice in alleged violation of OPA rules, and another group has invaded the New York stock exchange.

Undergraduate field studies in labor and management problems made at Sarah Lawrence and other colleges were published. Next June Barnard College is scheduling a juvenile-delinquency institute.

Scarcely any group in the country has been more concerned or more articulate about the largest question mark in our future—the atomic bomb—than the young women now in college.

GENESOVE PRESS

Not having surveyed Hunter College, seat of the UNO Security Council, the NANA reporter is wondering, if the world diplomats have perhaps made a secret agreement with the U.S. co-eds to discuss the various possibilities in tuition.

the realm of fads while the girls take care of the world political si-

"Y" Offers Students Health and Fun

Ottawa YMCA has never been backward at any time in helping along the young men of Ottawa, or for that matter, the young men of any town if they happened to be around. Recently, smiling, sports-minded director "Ace" Milks of the Young Men's Division arranged for Carleton members to use the gym twice a week, Tuesday and Friday mornings from 10.30 to noon. Numerous Carletonites have availed themselves of the Y's offer of six months free membership for veterans, which may be obtained at the big red-triangle building on Metcalfe street, just opposite the Public Library. Upstairs there's a weight-lifting room for the brawny types, and those who would like to be, while down in the large gym are facilities for basketball and volleyball featuring one of the best floors in town.

This College's young men (and in our kind of volley-ball ALL men are young!) are getting a great kick out of their chance to play their way to A1 health. Formula: One workout. Mix with laughs to individual taste. Cool with a swift plunge in the 40-foot pool. Season with the exhilarating tingle of a brisk towelling. Voila! You're ready to tackle the toughest equations with a grin.

SPORTS NOTICE

An attempt is being made to organize a Track and Field team to represent Carleton College in the coming intercollegiate meet. All athletes interested in this type of sport are requested to contact Mr. Ed Piche well known, all-round athlete. Mr. Piche will act as organizer and coach and may be reached by phoning 8-6237.

Continued From Page One.

SPRING DANCE.

Pastel colors suggestive of Spring are to be used in the decorations. Flowers, streamers and shady bowers will clothe the bare walls of the gym and transform it to a fairy world of soft color and beauty.

Alex Dawson's orchestra will be supplying the hot and sweet to fill the air with harmony as students dance to welcome Spring.



The CARLETON

Published by the Students of Carleton College

Volume 1

MONDAY, APRIL 15, 1946.

No. 4.

Student Council Prepares To Bow Out

CARLETON'S STUDENT COUNCIL



MEMBERS OF THE STUDENT COUNCIL OF CARLETON COLLEGE.—Standing: Jack Mowat, Bill Wormington, Don Anderson, Wally Avis, E. L. R. Williamson, Bill Morgan.

Seated: George Hay, Donald MacIntosh, Faith Hutchison, Joan Finnigan, Willis Glenn.

Vets Teaching Vets In New Arts Class

There are an estimated 125 veterans enrolled for the course in First Year Arts which began this month. Extra space has been obtained for the classes from Glebe United Church.

Four of the instructors are army men who have received, or are about to receive, their discharges from the service to teach in the new veterans' course. They are: Messrs. Fitzsimmons, Iretton, Mayne and Alexander.

Red, Black, White To Be Recommended As Official

Dr. Tory and Dr. MacOdrum indicated recently that they were prepared to recommend to the Board of Governors that Red, Black and White be adopted as the official colours of Carleton College. With regard to a college crest, however, more time will be required to study the matter.

Dr. MacOdrum said that the question of a crest and colours had been shelved this term in the face of more expedient matters.

Solid Foundation Established For Future Years

The term draws to a close, exams loom just over the horizon, the last issue of The Carleton goes to press and your faithful servants The Student's Council prepare to vacate their offices and bow from the scene.

Elected late in the season and faced at once with a sheaf of bills amounting to some \$850 the council had no easy job before them. The student body was for the most part disinterested in college activities and night classes and the lack of a building of our own made organization difficult. Working always with a non-existent or, at the best a very slim bank account the council has accomplished a great deal.

Football, basketball and hockey teams were sponsored by the council and a considerable amount of valuable sports equipment is now owned by the student body. A successful series of dances including a formal which, it is hoped, will become an annual function, were put over. A successful I.S.S. campaign was conducted. With the help of an interested staff and the financial assistance of the Board of Governors The Carleton was published. Negotiations have been completed for the purchase of an additional chesterfield and two more chairs for the common room.

Guiding hand behind all the council's activities is that of President Wally Avis who tackled each new job with an enthusiasm which was infectious. On top of his presidential duties he undertook the chairmanship of the I.S.S. committee.

Invaluable to the council was E. L. R. Williamson who watchfully guarded the council funds and who kept the Board of Governors aware of our needs and obtained their generous financial help.

Responsible for the college's successful sports program was that eternal pessimist Don Anderson. He worked hard and did a grand job of building, from practically nothing, the foundation for a really extensive participation in inter-university sports in future years.

The council's socialite, George Hay, had the job of entertaining the students in true college manner. He did that and more. He made us Carleton-conscious; proud to hail as our Alma Mater this infant university, "born in time of war".

Secretary Donald MacIntosh and treasurer Bill Morgan handled two thankless jobs with efficiency and cheerfulness. They had much of the work and little of the glory.

Vets Classes Swell I.S.S. Total

The Veterans' classes came through with flying colors contributing the very satisfactory sum of \$125.50 to swell Carleton's I.S.S. donation to a total of \$370.00.

"The response which the boys gave to the drive was very encouraging. I guess they know what it's all about", said Tommy Fitzgerald, organizer of this week's tagging.

Working with Tommy were Joan Finnigan and Pat Joyner. The hard-working trio conducted the tag alone and unaided, contacting every veteran's class and making their appeal which was liberally answered by the returned men.

The total contribution will be sent to I.S.S. headquarters and from there, with donations from all other Canadian universities, it will be sent on its errand of relief and friendship helping to reconstruct and re-establish the hard-hit universities of Europe.

If you contributed to the I.S.S. fund you have a small share in the future of the world.

Other members of the council: Faith Hutchison, Joan Finnigan, Bill Wormington, Willis Glenn, Charlie Kerr and Jack worked willingly and well respective capacities.

They have proved we want to the student body interest always at heart to serve our hearty thanks.

"The Carleton" Published by the Students of Carleton College

EDITOR-IN CHIEF

Kenneth U. Lunny.

Associate Editors.

Pat Joyner — Faith Hutchison
Clyde Kennedy — Tom Farley
Art Roberts — Joan Finnigan
Circulation Manager — M. Green

Reporters.

Barry Stevens, Bill Green, Steve Pugsley,
John Gough, Hal Landreville, Ray Magladry,
Esther Struit, Stu Conger.

A WORD FROM THE PRESIDENT

It gives me great pleasure to write a few words for your final issue. First, I wish to say a word of appreciation to the Students' Council and the Editors for the fine piece of work they have done in producing the Carleton in its new format. We have all enjoyed seeing and reading it. It is a fine beginning for something larger and better in the future.

Second, I wish to thank the students for their fine co-operation during the year. The situation has been difficult and trying for us all, both students and administrative officers. This especially applies to the returned men because of our widely scattered classroom accommodation. I have been greatly pleased, personally, in observing the splendid way the returned men have taken hold of their work. The results of the examinations to date completely vindicate the whole scheme devised for the education of veterans. With regard to the immediate future I am sure the students will be glad to know that we now have every reason to believe that when we open classes again in the autumn, we will be in a home of our own with sufficient classroom accommodation to keep us together. Due notice of this will be given when our plans are completed.

I would like also to call attention to the fact that those who have done the work of the First Year Arts (Senior Matriculation) can continue with us for another year in Arts and Commerce, the two years being recognized by all the Canadian universities, if they desire to continue to a degree. We also offer a First Year in Applied Science for a limited number of students. Next year full day courses will be in operation in Arts, Science, and Commerce, in addition to evening classes. I would suggest that students desiring to remain with us another year should register before the close of their present course so as to have first claim on classroom accommodation. It is expected that in all the universities, classroom accommodation will be crowded to the limit, and we wish to give first option to those already with us.

One last word. To say have courage to Canadians seems an impertinence, but believe worthwhile things does take courage by a will to accomplish. The full demand more and more trained men. Living our own intellectual life we build up to our own advantage but to the advantage of our country. The future belongs to those who make the effort. H. M. TORY.

STUDENT OPINION

A POLL CONDUCTED BY THE CARLETON

The opinions of a thinking Public are the corner-stone of a successful Democracy. With this truth in mind, though feeling more Democratic than confident, we spent the last fortnight interviewing Carleton students of both sexes on several timely and interesting topics.

As we queried, our confidence grew. Carleton students, we found, definitely DO THINK. The catch is in getting them to admit it.

Following are the results of the Poll:

1. THE SITUATION: Thomas Foster, butcher-boy who rose to be millionaire mayor of Toronto, left \$10,000 in his will for Stork Derbies. The woman who produces the most children in legal wedlock in each of four separate 10-year periods wins \$1,250. Place and show get \$800, \$450 respectively.

THE QUESTION: Do you believe this plan a benefit, a detriment, or immaterial to the welfare of Canada?

THE ANSWER: A majority of Carleton students gave Foster's plan the "thumbs down" or considered it immaterial. 40 percent stated it was definitely detrimental. Their reasons: The wrong type of people entered the race; health of the mother was impaired; Canada needs quality rather than quantity of citizens. 27 percent, however, thought the plan good. They too, had reasons. "Canada", they felt, "is a country of millions of square miles and vast undeveloped resources. We need a spur to population if we are to realize our Canadian destiny". 13 percent, didn't know whether it was good or bad, while 20 percent, thought the plan had no bearing on Dominion welfare.

2. THE SITUATION: The Canadian Government recently arrested a number of men and women on grounds of espionage and sabotage.

THE QUESTION: Do you believe the government had material grounds for these arrests?

THE ANSWER: 81 percent, believed the government had. Only 5 percent, seemed inclined to think it a political blind. 14 percent, felt they didn't have enough information to give an opinion.

3. THE QUESTION: Do you consider the publicity given this affair was too much? Too little? Well or poorly done? Good or bad type?

THE ANSWER: Said one 26-year-old veteran, "there were too many guesses, and most of them bad. Often the truth was twisted to form a political or ideological platform. Newspapers, unfortunately, had so few facts they were forced to play upon 'human interest'".

Carleton students seemed inclined to agree. 41 percent, claimed there was too much publicity. 14 percent, said there was too little, but added, "we mean factual publicity, not ballyhoo". 20 percent, criticized the style of publicity, considering it too sensational. 15 percent, stated it was biased.

4. THE QUESTION: Do you believe the government of the USSR earnestly desires peace at the present time?

THE ANSWER: Almost unanimously, Carleton College believed it did. 82 percent, gave an unreserved "Yes" while an additional 6 percent, agreed with them, but added a belief that Russia holds definite expansionist designs for the future. 8 percent, said "No". 4 percent, didn't know.

5. THE SITUATION: Government regulations say that when a veteran has only sufficient credits to partially complete his college course due to insufficient length of military service, he shall be allowed the educational grant for the needed year or years, provided he achieves certain marks in the preceding year.

THE QUESTION: If you were the government, what would you say his average marks, must be?

THE ANSWER: Average student opinion was just 2 percent, below second class honours, most popular choice being 65 percent, and the average opinion for all those interviewed being 65.8 percent. One-seventh of the number interrogated insisted on first class honours. One quarter were willing to settle for 60 percent. One student in 14 claimed that fairness to the student demanded a different method of judging, suggested instead that the student must stay among the top 25 percent, of this class.

Answers ranged from 50 percent, to 90 percent, with those in the lower brackets maintaining: (1) Academic achievement cannot be the sole form of judgment. (2) It is not a tiny minority of geniuses, but a solid front of generally well-educated men who will make our country "healthy, wealthy, and wise". Students who selected a higher mark felt: (1) Many a hard-pressed taxpayer is also a veteran, he must not be exploited in order that other veterans should go through college on "pass marks". (2) Human nature is inclined to clear just the height of the hurdle in front of it. That 60 percent, hurdle could be raised to 70-75 percent, and the student would still clear it... with a bit more exertion.

The ladies seemed to have more confidence in the intellectual abilities of the male element than the males themselves. Average

On The Bookshelf -

"Huskies and History"

ESKIMO SUMMER, by Douglas Leechman, Ryerson Press, 247 pages.

Douglas Leechman practices what he preaches—his preaching at Ottawa's Carleton College being Journalism, and his most recent practice an entertaining journal of research and adventure in the Arctic islands north of Killiney on Hudson Strait. In *ESKIMO SUMMER*, he throws with scholarly deftness a new literary light on subjects hitherto unilluminated save for the wintry weave of the Aurora Borealis and a chill Arctic sun.

From the layman's point of view, archaeology, like olives, is an acquired taste. Mr. Leechman comes to bat with two strikes on him, firstly in the form, which is first person singular, secondly in the subject matter, which is archaeology. But he knocks a neat three-bagger on the last pitch. *ESKIMO SUMMER* is more than the factual account of an archaeologist's search for History in the dim pasts of Arctic tribes, it is a thoroughly readable personal experience, rich in human interest, highlighted with flashes of whimsical humor, recalling the dry, laugh-provoking sallies of Stephen Leacock. When Jenny, the Eskimo cook of the party, whips up some hot-if-stony tea biscuits (Eskimo style), he downs them gallantly, observing: "We were both mighty proud of them—she because she could make them, and I, because I could eat them". Other rigors of Arctic life are met with similar good humor and equanimity. "Leaving camp in the morning for a stroll, as nature demands that one must, is a signal for the dogs to follow. A good stout stick is a necessary possession . . ." Arctic huskies are rarely fastidious, and always very hungry.

ESKIMO SUMMER is not a book with a plot. It is a steadily convincing, frequently vivid, personal story that could scarcely have been told another way. What it lacks in climactic intensity, it makes up for in memorable highlights. Best scenes: The Eskimos at their first movie, all sitting with backs to the screen, watching for the pictures to come out of the projector; the trading store at Port Burwell; the Eskimo dances. As the tale rolls along, it unfolds a wealth of information on the Canadian Arctic and its inhabitants. To Canadians, this is a cheering sign. After all, it's our Arctic, and Mr. Leechman has bundled up considerable new knowledge on this aspect of Canadiana in a very tasty fashion.

TOM FARLEY

Economics Student Publishes Book

Ernest Landon Williamson has found time between a government job and studying Economics at Carleton to write a book on his favorite subject, Social Security. This red-jacketed volume, entitled "FREEDOM FROM FEAR: Can it be achieved in Canada?" is now on sale in Ottawa bookstores. One copy has also been presented to Dr. M. MacOdrum as a gift.

From its very title "FREEDOM FROM FEAR" presents a problem in which every Canadian is vitally interested, perhaps today more than ever, with veterans returning from overseas increasingly aware of such tangible difficulties as Housing and Employment. In early chapters Mr. Williamson outlines the rise of Fear through urbanization and specialization, and the State and individual efforts to combat this lack of confidence. Chapter three is designed to point out inadequacies in the present legislation, including prob-

lems for which there is no present provision. Then, having dealt with the situation as it now is, Mr. Williamson outlines in logical sequence his program for reform. Salient features of the plan:

1. Reduction in the cost of living through tax reform.
2. A plan for nation-wide home ownership; not tenancy.
3. A comprehensive system of social services: "Bought and paid for".
4. Social Insurance for every Canadian without distinction as to occupation or status.

"FREEDOM FROM FEAR" is an indicator of the new Canadian desire to put ideas into concrete form. Perhaps we cannot all write books on the subject, but the sooner we all start thinking seriously on the implications of this question, the sooner Canadians as a nation will achieve some degree of freedom from fear.



Rambling With Hal

By HIMSELF.

ORCHIDS TO . . .

Betty Jones, Opal Ambridge, Dorothy Shields, Doris Tyner, Betty Buckley, and (Mrs.) Lillian Heather, who are six ladies of whom one never hears anything, although they are the mainspring of the Carleton College office. The Carleton, and this column in particular, would like to pay some of the tribute due to them . . . by the only means at this reporter's disposal . . . honourable mention.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN . . .

"Results of I.S.S. Drive Disappointing; Week's 'take' \$244.50; Vets Yet To Be Canvassed; . . . you know, watching some of the people walking around this college carrying books, one would never realize that they had even read what was in these books, much less actually experienced any of the trials resulting from the havoc of war. Fortunately, the VETS pulled the drive through when they were canvassed . . . and willingly.

DEFINITIONS . . .

"Juvenile Delinquency" . . . when children act like their parents. "Husband" . . . what is left of the sweetheart after the nerve has been killed. "Kiss" . . . a conjunction . . . sometimes a sentence. "Arab" . . . a joker who wears his bedclothes as a business suit. "Girdle" . . . an elastic supplement to a stern reality. "Good Advice" . . . what a man gives when he is too old to set a bad example. "Marriage License" . . . a hunting license . . . entitles you to one dear and no more. "Imagination" . . . something that sits up with the wife when her husband is out late.

GROUND'S FOR DIVORCE . . .

- (1) His asthma condition got worse because of his wife's hair . . .
- (2) Her husband with plenty of points to come home, signed up for the occupational force in Germany . . . and neglected his real duty.
- (3) His wife insisted on taking 27 cats to be with her. (4) His wife threatened to have him cremated, mix his ashes with fertilizer, and spread "him" on the front lawn. (5) She decided that she could no longer stand her husband beating her over the head with his artificial leg . . . and so on.

YOUNG CANADA . . .

One day, in a large department store, I entered a crowded elevator. As the operator was about to give his signal, a mother and her little girl in tow rushed into the car. The operator closed the doors, and said, "Call your floors please". Before anybody had a chance to say anything the little girl shrilly cried: "Toilet, please, and HURRY!"

O.E.R. . . .

People are always harking back to the "good old days" may as well cut out their harking. No matter how they paint 'em, we'll stick to what we've got such as it is. Would there be any advantage in riding around in hoss-cars at 4 miles an hour, when we're happy enough in these quaint ex-Toronto street cars doing 6?

"MURDER!" THEY SAID . . .

A salesman making a two weeks stay in town bought some limburger cheese to eat in his room. When he got ready to leave, he still had about half the cheese left. He didn't want to pack it, nor did he want to leave it lying in the room. He went over to the window-sill, carefully removed a plant from its pot, buried the cheese and replaced the plant. A few weeks later he received a telegram from the hotel: "We give up. Where did you put it?"

LET'S SWAP . . .

Los Angeles, Calif. Wedding gown, size 14, for p
noiseless typewriter. . . Tulsa, Oklahoma. Unused engage
wedding ring; want automatic shotgun. . . So long for this ye

SADIE HAHAKINS



CARLETON'S QUEEN.

College Reporter Beats
F.B.I., R.C.M.P., Others

By KEN U. GUESS

Ambling through the rogues gallery the other day, with our Adam's hat pulled low over our eyes and the collar of our dyed Air Force greatcoat—Officer's for the use of—turned up to its full advantage, in search of a queen for Carleton's quarterly dance of the Maypole—held every June, August and lost weekends, we came across a photo of one Sadie Hahkins (par coincidence not related to Al Capp). Stealing a furtive glance out of the side pocket of our ersatz eye and fumbling with twenty two Dominion brand thumb tacks we quickly unscrewed the above pin-up and thrust it nervously into our diaphragm.

Making our exit through the second and third bars of a second story window, we sauntered back to the decomposing edifice that houses Carleton College and commenced to ransack the files in search of printable information on No. 38572.

Examining file No. 38572 with steady perseverance for over a minute we came up to bat in the final inning with the following information in hand. In fact in both hands. Neck, 13 1-2; bust 32; waist 24; hips 33; calves 10; ankle 7 and feet by shoe measurement 10A 100510 balmoral with Goodyear neverscratch guaranteed synthetic rubber heels.

Then dashing madly by OER, Britannia route, we arrived just in time to beat the FBI, RCMP, SS, Scotland Yard, and USSRSS in an interview with Sadie Hahkins (par coincidence not related to Al Capp). Reclining gracefully on ee-legged stool and wearing teal lounging straight jacidie greeted us with a barf from a ten-cent (WPTB)ooter. Peas thirty cents per black-market.

Working our way through the mine fields and various man-catching entanglements, we approached Sadie and posed this question. "You have been chosen, without much thought, to act as Queen of the May in Carleton's coming Maypole dance to be held every June, August and lost weekends not including those lost during the examinations, do you want to make something of it?"

Grinning from ear to breakfast, Sadie answered thoughtfully, "What are you talking about?"

Repeating our question, Sadie's face fell and she answered, "Gees, this gives me lotsa pleasure, Yuh know only last year I was voted the girl most likely to succeed".

"Oh! you were", we replied, "and in what class was that?"

"Don't you know", she countered, "last year I graduated from Sex II, this year I'm taking an honour course."

SUMMER EMPLOYMENT
CLARIFIED BY N.E.S.

Employment of Student Veterans was the main topic for discussion at the last meeting held by the Student Veterans' Association and Mr. Falconer National Employment Service Liaison Officer to the Department of Veterans' Affairs, the man who knows most about the subject, was the main speaker.

Mr. Falconer, the man who will be instrumental in acquiring work for all student veterans who desire it, stated that with regard to survey parties, most will be eliminated. Survey parties must be completed before May 1. He added that both Canadian Railways have been swamped with applications for summer resort work from students from other universities and as a consequence little employment is still available.

Students interested in chemical and laboratory work will be able to obtain work at the National Research Council. Application forms will be made available immediately and may be obtained from the school office. Completed forms should be forwarded to Mr. Robertson, Personnel, National Research Council. Pay will range from \$90 to \$140.

A number of positions with the Civil Service will also be available. Applications may be obtained from the Ottawa Post Office and when completed forwarded to the Veterans' Information Office, Jackson Bldg. (Only those with overseas service are eligible). Veterans without overseas service may apply at R. 100, Hunter Bldg. There is a monthly rate of pay offered besides a casual pay of 60c per hour.

There may be openings with the Temiskaming Pulp and Paper Co. in the near future, although other pulp and power projects are indefinite, Mr. Falconer stated.

The National Employment Service is still awaiting employment decisions from the Hydro Power, the Bell Telephone and the C.P.R.

Students Use Fifth Columnist
To Win Curling Contest

By FAITH HUTCHISON

Aha! We licked them! Yessir! We beat them at their own game! Cries of joy and exultation from the students of Fourth Year Journalism as they defeated their professors 8-3 in a curling game on the first Wednesday afternoon in April.

The professors are offering as an excuse for their loss the presence of a dark horse, Professor Wally Avis (did you say Professor Wally Avis? —That's what I said. Don't you read the papers?) on their team. An ardent, if inexperienced curler, he showed such strength and enthusiasm that he heaved the stones right through the "house"—in fact almost through the end of the rink.

Professor D'Arcy Finn, skip of the professorial rink and host to the party, shook his head in unbelief as he read the score. "I didn't think they could do it!" he remarked. Then rallying, "you never can tell about these westerners. And, of course, I was saving my strength for the bonspiel game tonight".

Mr. Falconer informed the association that if interested in the Merchant Marine vets might apply to agents in Montreal (ocean transport) and Kingston (lake boats).

56 cents an hour is the wage paid by the Federal District Commission for grass cutting and watering. If interested inform your "vets" rep."

The UNRRA National Clothing Drive intends to employ a large number of student veterans commencing in June and lasting at least ten weeks. Work will be clean and light, no collecting, wages 50c-60c per hour. Applications to be made to Mr. Falconer, N.E.S., Aylmer Bldg.

It was also announced at the meeting that from April 29 to May 3 inclusive a representative from the National Employment Service will be in attendance at Carleton College to register all student veterans who have been discharged after November 1, 1944. (Those who have been discharged 18 months or over are ineligible). Registration entitles the registrant to out-of-work benefits commencing on the tenth day after leaving school in the event that suitable interim employment is not available.

Veterans are requested to contact their representatives for further information. They will be glad to advise and assist.

"Flash" Fricke, skip of the student rink played a fine game masterfully issuing orders and with great energy sweeping large grooves in the ice down which he channelled his opponent's stones. His manner of sweeping even makes the spectators tired.

A hearty luncheon was served in the club dining room after the game. Welcome guests were Dr. Margaret Cameron of Costa Rica and Mrs. Finn.

Aftermath:
Scene—the classroom. Student curlers draped over desks looking worn and haggard. Sounds of groans, moans, lamentations and the oft-repeated request "Pass the liniment".

"Fricke's famous last words: 'It was a good fight, mom, and we won'. Groan. "But how we suffered".

Teams:
Professors—W. Avis, R. U. Mahaffey, W. Eggleston, T. D. Finn—(skip).

Students—A. Morrison, F. Hutchison, E. Lennox, E. Fricke—(skip).

G.I. Bill of Rights
Recognizes Carleton

Carleton College has been given recognition in the American Servicemen's Readjustment Act, popularly known as the G.I. Bill of Rights. This is simply to say that American veterans wishing to attend Carleton may do so under the U.S. Government's plan to aid her ex-servicemen in returning to civilian life.

NOTICE.

All student veterans are requested to inform Mr. Logan the D.V.A. counsellor before making any changes in their educational plans. If you are contemplating discontinuing your education or cancelling courses, notify your counsellor. If you are enrolling in any other college or university notify both the college office and the D.V.A. however, before informing the Departments of Veterans' Affairs that you are enrolling in another university, be sure to have a letter of acceptance from the university at which you intend continuing your education.

All students are also requested to inform the Carleton office of future plans before the courses terminate this summer.

